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CHARLES LAMB

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THIS volume forms a complement to the editions of the *Essays* and *Last Essays of Elia* already published in the Pitt Press Series, and contains the most noteworthy of the essays not included in those collections. As in the two volumes which preceded it, the editor has endeavoured to indicate in his notes the sources from which Lamb derived his frequent quotations and reminiscent phrases. Most of Lamb's recognisable borrowings have been identified by previous editors, especially by Mr E. V. Lucas in his *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*; but it is still possible to add to their number and occasionally to supply an alternative suggestion. The editor is greatly indebted to the readers of the University Press for hints and corrections, particularly with regard to the text of the essays.

A. H. T.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
November, 1920.

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INTRODUCTION

In the editions of *Essays of Elia* and *The Last Essays of Elia* which were published in this series in 1913, an attempt was made to provide some general remarks upon the character of the work which is Lamb's chief title to fame, and particularly upon his preeminent quality of humour, the rare gift in which, among the countrymen and disciples of Shakespeare, he stands unsurpassed. The series of essays collected in the present volume forms a prelude and companion to the two famous books published in his lifetime. Although his numerous editors have from time to time identified forgotten pieces of his work in periodicals and added them to fresh collections, it cannot be said that much of real importance has been discovered since the publication of *Eliana* in 1864; while some of the additions are obviously little more than curiosities. Lamb's work was by no means always equal to his best achievement, and some of *The Last Essays of Elia* fall short of the earlier series which charmed readers of *The London Magazine* from 1820 to 1822. His genius, however, which, though it had its precursors, has defied imitation since his day, is so much a thing by itself that whatever he wrote has some value in illustrating its development; and the best of the essays which led up to *Elia* and were contemporary with his better known work are but little inferior to it and share its claim to a classical reputation.

The *Curious Fragments*, in which Lamb imitated Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, are peculiarly interesting as his earliest experiments in the discursive and allusive form of prose of which he became a master. Of the first two he wrote to Manning, 'I am afraid they won't do for

a paper. Burton is a scarce gentleman, not much known, else I had done 'em pretty well.' It is not surprising that the editor of *The Morning Post* did not print compositions which certainly would have conveyed little meaning to most readers. As literature, however, they stand in the front rank of imitations. In a certain sense, they are parody: Burton's favourite authorities are used to substantiate or refute opinions upon which Lamb naturally did not consult them, and this constitutes the element of fun with which parody is associated. Otherwise, they are imitations in which the special manner and style of Burton are not merely copied but reproduced by an author whose temperament was peculiarly akin to Burton's own humour. The lines, printed in this volume, which appeared as the third fragment on their publication in 1802, show a depth of serious insight into Burton's fantastic melancholy, amounting to a character-sketch by a sympathetic critic which could not be improved upon. In the fourth fragment, although the general quality of style is maintained, with the frequent intrusion of tags of Latin followed by English paraphrases, Lamb seems to have written without his Burton in front of him; and his reflexions upon a pauper funeral are of a more personal and individual nature, forming a transition from imitative writing to the essay proper. The power of assimilating style, of which these 'extracts' are a signal instance, coloured Lamb's whole work. The fascination of his writings is due to qualities which are by no means exclusively literary: his humanity and sympathy find their way to the hearts of many who would have found little to attract them in his library. Not the least of its secrets, however, is the natural skill with which he interwove loved quotations and phrases into his prose, giving a new fragrance to the past. Through his phrases we hear continually 'the horns of Elf-land, faintly blowing,' a recurrent echo 'like to something we remember a great while since, a long, long time ago.'

Lamb did not depend upon writing for his living, and

his days at his clerk's desk were probably too fully occupied, if he did snatch time from them for casual correspondence, to give him much leisure for journalism. It was not until after he had published the two volumes of his *Works* in 1818 that he began the famous series of essays which has given him his place in English literature; and the interest of much of his work before *Elia* is due to the fact that it marks his development in the direction of his masterpiece. At the same time, such work as his notes to the *Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatists*, published in 1808, although they cover only a few pages and, to be appreciated, must be read with the scenes they illustrate, stands upon its own merits. These notes are admiring rather than critical and now and then sound an exaggerated note of praise; but, as impressions recording the influence of dramatic poetry and passion upon an individual mind, they are unsurpassed in English, even when we remember that the age of Lamb was also the age of Coleridge and Hazlitt. Yet from these great critics, who said so much of their best about Elizabethan writers, we gain hardly so vivid an idea of their authors as Lamb conveyed in a few unforgettable sentences, sometimes characterising in a single phrase, full of pregnant meaning, the whole secret of a writer's power to stir emotion.

In 1811 Lamb contributed a series of articles to the second, third and fourth numbers of Leigh Hunt's periodical *The Reflector*, which died a natural death at the end of the year. These articles, twelve (originally eleven) in number, were for the most part collected in the volumes of 1818, in which eight were printed. One, the essay *Guy Faux*, was revised and reprinted at a later date: three more, *On the Ambiguities arising from Proper names* (a slight thing, signed X. Y. Z., which is omitted from the present volume), *On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres* and *The Good Clerk*, were reprinted for the first time in Mr J. E. Babson's collection of *Eliana* (1864). Ten have been selected for the present series: the other which has been excluded is the *Specimens from the Writings of Fuller*,

an anthology of quotations from a writer whose shrewd humour endeared him to Lamb. While it cannot be pretended that these essays, as a whole, reach the level of *Elia*, they nevertheless discover Lamb's ability to write in two very different manners. Most of them are comparatively slight, letters upon casual topics written under assumed names, after the fashion of *The Spectator* and the earlier essay-periodicals generally. They introduce personal reminiscence from time to time, blending it with mere invention in the way which Lamb afterwards made his own: the essay *On...Hissing* was founded upon the failure of his own tragedy, and *Edax on Appetite* is a pleasant exaggeration of his own human appreciation of good meat and drink, a taste which he commemorated later in his *Dissertation upon Roast Pig* and in other passages of lyric fantasy upon the theme of pork. We miss as yet, however, the note of romance and pathos which in time to come was to be inseparable from his humour—nay, more, an essential part of it. He diverts and amuses: we are struck by his capacity for making much out of little, for embroidering gracefully upon a trivial subject and using it as a foundation for casual wisdom. But the deeper note, the peculiar charm are wanting: these effusions, spontaneous though they are, are primarily imitations of a time-honoured mode of writing and leave the full individuality unexpressed. The special quaintness of style which had been fully apparent in the Burton *Fragments* is already well developed, with the Latinisms of word and phrase which he had adopted and appropriated and the constant tendency to allusive quotation which probably underlies more passages than can readily be recognised by the student. Upon these he could hardly improve, and they form a quality in which he is unmatched; but the wistfulness which mingles itself with his easy discourse in *The South-Sea House* or *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, so that the names of John Tipp or Samuel Salt ring in our ears with the imaginative appeal of 'Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece,' the poignancy of the

splendid apostrophe to Coleridge in *Christ's Hospital*, and the unstudied music of the heart in *Dream Children* are yet to come.

The long essays upon Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakespeare belong to a different type. They are serious studies of their subject and the humorous observations which they contain are purely incidental. They start out with the object of confuting popular fallacies, in the first case the idea that Hogarth is merely a comic painter, in the second the exaggeration which makes the actor the necessary complement of the dramatist. Like some of his friends, and like Hazlitt in particular, Lamb was a lover and good judge of painting; and Hogarth specially appealed to him because, of all English artists, he is the most narrative. His pictures are not merely full of graphic detail and variety of incident and character: they suggest the causes and consequences of the scene depicted, and thus each scene, taken apart from the rest, has all the elements of a novel. It is this literary quality of Hogarth's art, which gives him a close kinship to the novelists of his day, that made Lamb a peculiarly suitable judge of his work; and, further, the painter of London life, even in its most revolting aspects, struck a kindred chord in the heart of one who loved London in all its moods. Lamb's insistence upon the morality of Hogarth's art may be overstrained: other competent judges have denied it, and it is always easy to confound the particular effect of a work of art upon ourselves with the intention of the author. Here, again, Lamb's power of appreciation may be in advance of the soundness of his criticism; but of the closeness of his argument and the fertility of his illustrations there cannot be two opinions. Of Shakespeare and the theatre no man could be a better judge: theatre-going was his favourite pastime and his mind was so impregnated with Shakespearean phrase that its apt and spontaneous employment became an essential part of his style. Even those who enjoy Shakespeare most upon the stage and welcome new readings of famous parts most heartily must

acknowledge his main contentions, that no actor can produce the complete effect of Shakespeare's tragic verse upon the imagination, and that the characters and events which leave the most profound impression of tragedy and noble pathos upon the reader run the risk of losing their effect amid the accessories of stage representation. These two essays are Lamb's most sustained pieces of critical writing, and the second is one of those classic pronouncements to which the student of Shakespearean drama must constantly turn for counsel.

Another essay, which originally appeared in *The Reflector*, was recast eleven years later for *The London Magazine*. This, a prose fantasia upon the theme of Guy Fawkes, was conceived in Lamb's lightest mood, in which he fired off one whimsical idea after another without stopping to discriminate between them. The effect of such jests, which in conversation would be exquisitely amusing, is somewhat faint in print, and becomes fainter still when much of their point has been dulled after an interval of a century; but it is impossible to overlook the amusement which Lamb himself found in pursuing his train of thought. He was never happier than when he was playing with the seriousness of solemn people and provoking the inevitable accusation of frivolity. The humorist is sometimes at a disadvantage in the practical affairs of life: his keen perception of the ridiculous hinders him from indulging in attitudes which strike his imagination as conceding a disproportionate importance to trivialities. But he has the compensating advantage of appreciating to the full the point of view which fails to understand and is repelled by his own vagaries, and he finds a subtle gratification in playing the merry Andrew for the discomfiture of his more conventional brethren. It was less for the amusement of kindred spirits that Lamb coined jests on such subjects as hanging, the pillory and Gunpowder plot than for the sake of mystifying readers to whom they afforded no loop-hole for the ludicrous; and the point of his remarks is not so much in the jests themselves as in their calculated

effect. At the same time, while, as we have said, these jokes on paper miss the full success of an impromptu, the strong personal element which enters into all Lamb's work supplies partially the absence of voice, accent and expression. In spite of the apparent elaborateness of his style, no writer so thoroughly achieves the effect of talking to his readers. Coleridge, to judge from all accounts, talked much as he wrote, and the audience of his fluent and discursive monologues, 'that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion,' felt a charm which his fragmentary prose works communicate only at rare intervals. Lamb's writing, on the other hand, was conversation itself, not material that had lost the glow of conversation. His archaisms, his free quotations, the form of his sentences, are natural to him. They are not diluted into conversation through an intermediate literary process: they pervade his writing as easily as they coloured his talk. His essays are a string of casual observations on a loose thread, expressed in a style which is naturally allusive and unlike the style of every-day life. If the style appears elaborate, it would have cost Lamb far more study to have expressed himself in a more commonplace way. His style is not one of those set styles which can be acquired by imitation: its individuality is the unique possession of a writer who loved to play tricks upon his readers, and there is nothing more characteristic of Lamb than the temptation which he holds out to imitators to follow him to their own disaster.

Thus the essay entitled *Guy Faux*, while it is by no means one of Lamb's masterpieces, is an example of a mood in which he loved to indulge and incidentally of traits peculiarly his own. Moreover, the two long quotations which it contains enable us to compare and contrast his manner of writing with that of two masters of English prose to whose attraction he was specially susceptible. The essay is founded upon an extract from an article by his friend and contemporary Hazlitt, and his own remarks are prefaced by a piece of eloquence from a sermon

of Jeremy Taylor. Taylor was less closely akin to Lamb's spirit than Burton or Browne; but his prose style is a product of similar influences, he shared their wide and curious reading, and no writer of the seventeenth century made a better use of his learning to adorn and enhance his own powers of speech. Here, then, we can read Lamb side by side with one of the original models whose mannerisms he instinctively adopted: the quotation, indeed, is so blended with the essay that it gains fresh colour from Lamb's evident appreciation of its merits. It is needless to say, with regard to the other quotation, that Hazlitt had much in common with Lamb. His love of old English authors was at least as great: his prose is habitually sown with quotations and reminiscent phrase. While Lamb, however, identified himself with the past and, in his own paradoxical phrase, 'wrote for antiquity,' allowing himself all the license of whimsicality and casual digression, Hazlitt wrote for his own day in a manner and style in direct contrast to Lamb's. It is difficult to imagine Lamb writing of any subject with which he had not some sympathy, or, indeed, to imagine any subject for which his sympathy was not ready to find allowances: his criticism is eminently appreciation. Hazlitt, on the other hand, was a critic of pronounced likes and dislikes whose criticism was more than ordinarily tinged by personal prejudice. The personal element in his style is strong; but, while he fastens himself on to his theme with the grip of a singularly acute intellect, he never becomes inseparable from it. We read Hazlitt less for his own sake than for the sake of what he has to say about things in a style which is a model of perspicuous English: the words are admirable, but the man himself leaves us cold. There are few authors of whom we can say that we like them better because Hazlitt liked them. Lamb, on the contrary, enters into his subject and becomes one with it. It is a theme on which he plays imaginative variations in a manner all his own. What he actually has to say about it may be slight: it is the groundwork of

humorous fancies which are in themselves a tribute to its stimulating power. We do not find more in the old authors whom Lamb loved merely because he loved them: we love them the better because he shows us, as no one else has done, their essential humanity in the light of his own fellow-feeling for everything that was human.

Two years after the publication of his miscellaneous writings 'collected in Two slight crown Octavos and pomposly christened his Works,' Lamb found full scope for his individuality in *The London Magazine*. The mixture of lightly veiled autobiography and criticism of life and literature in the two series of *Essays of Elia* is unique in English. The ease of narrative in which the essayists of the early eighteenth century excelled was equalled: their vein of reflexion and incidental comment on current topics was surpassed by a writer who laid no claim to a moral purpose but treated all that came under his notice with a wise and kindly tolerance. It would be a mistake to say that, as Elia, Lamb found a mode of expression for which he had been deliberately seeking. No writer of his eminence has been so free from literary aims and ambitions. He fell almost accidentally into a form of writing for which his earlier essays had well prepared him: the choice of one congenial subject seems to have paved the way for the essays in the same vein which followed. The freedom which marked his letter-writing communicated itself to his published prose. It is interesting to compare the *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, which, written for *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1813, was revised for the *Works* of 1818, with the essay on the same subject written in 1820. The first, which had its origin in a patriotic protest against would-be reform, has its own charm and tenderness of feeling, but it is without the pervading glow of wistful reminiscence, the mingled gaiety and sadness which fill the second. It is an essay written on a given theme: its successor is an extemporisation which springs from its theme unbidden and, responding to each prompting of memory, gathers fervour

and evokes new melodies as it proceeds. Again, while Lamb's earlier essays are full of his characteristic sympathy with the world at large which rejects no material as unsuitable for treatment, it was not until the *Essays of Elia* that the true character of his humour was shown to advantage. The essays in the present volume might be divided into two categories, serious and light. The predominant spirit of the Hogarth and Shakespeare essays is serious: he has set himself the task of working out an argument and allows himself little opportunity for the playfulness to which he devotes himself whole-heartedly in the extravaganzas that appeared side by side with them in *The Reflector*. Any casual reader of the fourth number of that periodical would have found some difficulty in detecting the same hand in the article on Shakespeare's tragedies, the letters of Edax and Hospita upon gluttony, and the character of the Good Clerk. A capacity for writing in such different manners is a proof of an unusually humorous disposition; but it was not till later that the two manners were fully combined and the grave and gay appeared, not in alternation, but in that complete union which is the most perfect form of humour.

The last twelve essays in this volume, including the revised edition of *Guy Faux* and the short fragments, written for friends, upon himself and Coleridge, belong to the period succeeding the first contributions of Elia to *The London Magazine*. *Guy Faux* and three others were collected in the second series of *Elia* which, published in America in 1828, admitted two essays which were not by Lamb. The rest remained in various periodicals until they were brought together in the volume edited by Mr J. E. Babson in 1864 under the title *Eliana*. They represent the best of the work omitted from the two *Elia* volumes of 1823 and 1833. If the *Popular Fallacy* included in them is somewhat inferior to the rest of the series published in *Last Essays of Elia*, there are others which are worthy companions to the more famous essays. Whether *The Gentle Giantess* was read by 'the widow Blacket, of Oxford'

and, if so, what she thought of it are matters not recorded: it must please everyone who can delight in excellent fooling and fun which is entirely free from unkindness. The *Letter to an Old Gentleman* is a happy example of the parody which, though much more carefully disguised, is probably not absent from the famous *Confessions of a Drunkard*. *The Illustrious Defunct* exhibits unimpaired Lamb's power of making bricks with a minimum of straw: the rhapsody entitled *Reflections in the Pillory* recalls the invocations of *All Fools' Day*; and *Unitarian Protests* is an interesting pendant to the *Letter to Robert Southey* of which *The Tombs in the Abbey* formed part. *Captain Starkey* adds a chapter to the reminiscences of Lamb and his sister, all the more attractive for the charity with which it defends the memory of the quaint personage whose features and habits had been somewhat unflatteringly revived in Hone's *Every-Day Book*. Lamb's *Autobiographical Sketch*, slight though it is, is a key to a temperament which, constantly face to face with the seriousness and sorrow of life, preserved its owner from the capital error of taking himself too seriously and enabled him to meet his duties and his private griefs resolutely and courageously; while the simple and heartfelt tribute to Coleridge, the life-long friend whose death not long preceded his own, is a signal instance of the power of sympathy which that temperament extended to spirits of a widely different cast from itself. It is the perception of this sympathy, so generous and so inclusive in its operation, and so transparent in all his writings, that has endeared Lamb to more than mere lovers of letters and has given him the enviable position of the most beloved figure in English literature.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS,

Extracted from a common-place book, which belonged to Robert Burton, the famous Author of the Anatomy of Melancholy

EXTRACT I

I DEMOCRITUS Junior have put my finishing pen to a tractate *De Melancholia*, this day December 5, 1620. First, I blesse the Trinity, which hath given me health to prosecute my worthlesse studies thus far, and make supplication, with a *Laus Deo*, if in any case these my poor labours may be found instrumental to weede out black melancholy, carking cares, harte-grief, from the mind of man. *Sed hoc magis volo quam expecto.*

I turn now to my book, *i nunc liber, goe forth, my brave Anatomy, child of my brain-sweat*, and yee, *candidi lectores*, lo! here I give him up to you, even do with him what you please, my masters. Some, I suppose will applaud, commend, cry him up (these are my friends) hee is a *flos rarus*, forsooth, a none-such, a Phœnix (concerning whom see *Plinius* and *Mandeuille*, though *Fienus de monstris* doubteth at large of such a bird, whom *Montaltus* confuting argueth to have been a man *malæ scrupulositatis*, of a weak and cowardlie faith: *Christopherus a Vega* is with him in this). Others again will blame, hiss, reprehende in

many things, cry down altogether, my collections, for crude, inept, putid, *post cænam scripta, Coryate could write better upon a full meal,* verbose, inerudite, and not sufficiently abounding in authorities, *dogmata,* sentences of learneder writers which have been before me, when as that first named sort clean otherwise judge of my labours to bee nothing else but a *messe of opinions,* a vortex attracting indiscriminate, gold, pearls, hay, straw, wood, excrement, an exchange, tavern, marte, for foreigners to congregate, Danes, Swedes, Hollanders, Lombards, so many strange faces, dresses, salutations, languages, all which *Wolfius* behelde with great content upon the Venetian Rialto, as he describes diffusedly in his book the world's Epitome, which *Sannazar* so bepraiseth. *e contra* our Polydore can see nothing in it; they call me singular, a pedant, fantastic, words of reproach in this age, which is all too neoteric and light for my humour.

One cometh to me sighing, complaining. He expected universal remedies in my Anatomy; so many cures as there are distemperatures among men. I have not put his affection in my cases. Hear you his case. My fine Sir is a lover, an *inamorato,* a Pyramus, a Romeo; he walks seven years disconsolate, moping, because he cannot enjoy his miss, *insanus amor* is his melancholy, the man is mad; *delirat,* he dotes; all this while his Glycera is rude, spiteful, not to be entreated, churlish, spits at him, yet exceeding fair, gentle eyes (which is a beauty) hair lustrous and *smiling,* the trope is none of mine, *Æneas Sylvius* hath *crines ridentes*—in conclusion she is wedded to his rival, a boore, a *Corydon,* a rustic, *omnino ignarus, he can scarce construe Corderius,* yet haughty, fantastic, *opiniatre.* The lover travels, goes into foreign parts, peregrinates, *amoris ergo,* sees manners, customs, not English, converses with pilgrims, lying

travellers, monks, hermits, those cattle, pedlars, travelling gentry, *Egyptians*, natural wonders, unicorns (though *Aldobrandus* will have them to be figments) satyrs, semiviri, apes, monkeys, baboons, curiosities artificial, *pyramides*, Virgilius his tombe, relicks, bones, which are nothing but ivory as *Melancthon* judges, though *Cornutus* leaneth to think them bones of dogs, cats (why not men?) which subtill priests vouch to have been saints, martyrs, *heu Pietas!* By that time he has ended his course, *fugit hora*, seven other years are expired, gone by, time is he should return, he taketh ship for Britaine, much desired of his friends, *favebant venti*, *Neptune is curteis*, after some weeks at sea he landeth, rides post to town, greets his family, kinsmen, *compotores*, *those jokers his friends that were wont to tipple with him at alehouses;* these wonder now to see the change, *quantum mutatus*, *the man is quite another thing*, he is disenthralled, manumitted, he wonders what so bewitched him, he can now both see, hear, smell, handle, converse with his mistress, single by reason of the death of his rival, a widow having children, grown willing, prompt, amorous, shewing no such great dislike to second nuptials, he might have her for asking, no such thing, his mind is changed, he loathes his former meat, had liever eat ratsbane, aconite, his humour is to die a bachelour; marke the conclusion. In this humour of celibate seven other years are consumed in idleness, sloth, world's pleasures, which fatigate, satiate, induce weariness, *tædium vitæ:* When upon a day, behold a wonder, *redit Amor*, the man is as sick as ever, he is commenced lover upon the old stock, walks with his hand thrust in his bosom for negligence, moping he leans his head, face yellow, beard flowing and incomposite, eyes sunken, *anhelus*, *breath wheezy and asthmatical*, by reason *of over-much*

sighing: society he abhors, solitude is but a hell, what shall he doe? all this while his mistresse is forward, coming, *amantissima, ready to jump at once into his mouth,* her he hateth, feels disgust when she is but mentioned, thinks her ugly, old, a painted Jesabeel, Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone all at once, a Corinthian Lais, a strumpet, only not handsome; that which he affecteth so much, that which drives him mad, distracted, phrenetic, beside himself, is no beauty which lives, nothing *in rerum naturâ* (so he might entertain a hope of a cure) but something *which is not,* can never be, a certain *fantastic opinion* or *notional image* of his mistresse, *that which she was,* and that which hee thought her to be, in former times, how beautiful! torments him, frets him, follows him, makes him that he wishes to die.

This Caprichio, *Sir Humourous,* hee cometh to me to be cured. I counsel marriage with his mistresse, according to Hippocrates his method, together with milk diet, herbs, aloes, and wild parsley, good in such cases, though Avicenna preferreth some sorts of wild fowl, teals, widgeons, becca ficos, which men in Sussex eat. He flies out in a passion, ho! ho; and falls to calling me names, dizzard, ass, lunatic, moper, Bedlamite, Pseudo-Democritus. I smile in his face, bidding him to be patient, tranquil, to no purpose, he still rages, I think this man must fetch his remedies from Utopia, Fairy Land, Islands in the Moone, &c.

EXTRACT II

***** Much disputacyons of fierce wits amongst themselves, in logomachies, subtile controversies, many dry blows given on either side, contentions of learned men, or such as would be so thought, as *Bodinus de Periodis* saith of such an one, *arrident amici ridet mundus,* in English, this man his cronies

they cocker him up, they flatter him, he would fayne appear somebody, meanwhile the world thinks him no better than a dizzard, a ninny, a sophist. ***** Philosophy running mad, madness philosophizing, much idle-learned enquiries, what truth is? and no issue, fruit, of all these noises, only huge books are written, and who is the wiser? ***** Men sitting in the Doctor's chair, we marvel how they got there, being *homines intellectûs pulverulenti*, as Trincauellius notes; they care not so they may raise a dust to smother the eyes of their oppugners; *homines parvulissimi* as *Lemnius*, whom *Alcuin* herein taxeth of a crude Latinism; dwarfs, minims, the least little men, these spend their time, and it is odds but they lose their time and wits too into the bargain, chacing of nimble and retiring Truth: Her they prosecute, her still they worship, *libant*, they make libations, spilling the wine, as those old Romans in their sacrificials, *Cerealia*, *May-games:* Truth is the game all these hunt after, to the extreme perturbacyon and drying up of the moistures, *humidum radicale exsiccant*, as *Galen*, in his counsels to one of these wear-wits, brain-moppers, spunges, saith. **** and for all this *nunquam metam attingunt*, and how should they? they bowle awry, shooting beside the marke; whereas it should appear, that *Truth absolute* on this planet of ours is scarcely to be found, but in her stede *Queene Opinion* predominates, governs, whose shifting and ever mutable *Lampas*, me seemeth, is man's destinie to follow, she præcurseth, she guideth him, before his uncapable eyes she frisketh her tender lights, which entertayne the child-man, untill what time his sight be strong to endure the vision of *Very Truth*, which is in the heavens, the vision beatifical, as *Anianus* expounds in his argument against certain mad wits which helde God to be corporeous;

these were dizzards, fools, *gothamites*. * * * * but and if *Very Truth* be extant indeede on earth, as some hold she it is which actuates men's deeds, purposes, ye may in vaine look for her in the learned universities, halls, colleges. Truth is no Doctoresse, she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtile Aristotles, men *nodosi ingenii, able to take Lully by the chin*, but oftentimes to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, *no great things*, melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains, whereas the silly man expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with *Natura* her pleasaunt scenes, woods, water-falls, or *Art* her statelie gardens, parks, terraces, *Belvideres*, on a sudden the goddesse herself *Truth* has appeared, with a shyning lyghte, and a sparklyng countenance, so as yee may not be able lightly to resist her. * * * * *

EXTRACT III

A Conceipt of Diabolical Possession

By myself walking,
To myself talking,
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy;
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,

Peevish and malecontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment:
So in like fashions
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
'Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous.'
Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectra, Diaboli,
What scared St Anthony,
Hobgoblins, Lemures,
Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding Incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical,
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me,
Lucifer teareth me—
Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris tentationibus Inimici.

EXTRACT IV

This morning, May 2, 1662, having first broken my fast upon eggs and cooling salades, mellows, watercresses, those herbes, according to *Villanovus* his prescription, who disallows the use of meat in a morning as gross, fat, hebetant, *feral*, altogether fitter

for wild beasts than men, *e contra* commendeth this herb-diete for gentle, humane, active, conducing to contemplation in most men, I betook myselfe to the nearest fields. (Being in London I commonly dwell in the *suburbes*, as airiest, quietest, *loci musis propriores*, free from noises of caroches, waggons, mechanick, and base wŏrkes, workshoppes, also sights, pageants, spectacles of outlandish birds, fishes, crocodiles, *Indians*, mermaids, adde quarrels, fightings, wranglings of the common sort, *plebs*, the rabble, duelloes with fists, *proper to this island*, at which the stiletto'd and secrete *Italian* laughs.) Withdrawing myselfe from these buzzing and illiterate vanities, with a *bezo las manos* to the city, I begin to inhale, draw in, snuff up, as horses *dilatis naribus* snort the fresh aires, with exceeding great delight, when suddenly there crosses me a procession sad, heavy, dolourous, tristfull, melancholick, able to change mirth into dolour, and overcast a clearer atmosphere than possibly the neighbourhoods of so great a citty can afford. An old man, a poore man, deceased, is borne on men's shoulders to a poore buriall, without solemnities of hearse, mourners, plumes, *mutæ personæ, those personate actors that will weep if yee shew them a piece of silver;* none of those customed civilities of children, kinsfolk, *dependants*, following the coffin; he died a poore man, his friends *assessores opum, those cronies of his that stuck by him so long as he had a penny*, now leave him, forsake him, shun him, desert him; they think it much to follow his putrid and stinking carcase to the grave; his children, if he had any, for commonly the case stands thus, this poore man his son dies before him, he survives, poore, indigent, base, dejected, miserable, &c. or if he have any which survive him, *sua negotia agunt*, they mind their own business, forsooth, cannot, will not, find

time, leisure, *inclination, extremum munus perficere,* to follow to the pit their old indulgent father, which loved them, stroked them, caressed them, cockering them up, *quantum potuit,* as farre as his means extended, while they were babes, chits, *minims,* hee may rot in his grave, lie stinking in the sun *for them,* have no buriall at all, they care not. *O nefas!* Chiefly I noted the coffin to have been *without a pall,* nothing but a few planks, of cheapest wood that could be had, *naked,* having none of the ordinary *symptomata* of a funerall, those *locularii* which bare the body having on diversely coloured coats, *and none black:* (one of these reported the deceased to have been an almsman seven yeares, a pauper, harboured and fed in the workhouse of St Giles-in-the-Fields, to whose proper burying-ground he was now going for interment). All which when I behelde, hardly I refrained from weeping, and incontinently I fell to musing: 'If this man had been rich, a *Crœsus,* a *Crassus, or as rich as Whittington,* what pompe, charge, lavish cost, expenditure, of rich buriall, *ceremoniall-obsequies, obsequious ceremonies,* had been thought too good for such an one; what store of panegyricks, elogies, funeral orations, &c. some beggarly poetaster, worthy to be beaten for his ill rimes, crying him up, hee was rich, generous, bountiful, polite, learned, *a Mœcenas,* while as in very deede he was nothing lesse: what weeping, sighing, sorrowing, honing, complaining, kinsmen, friends, relatives, fourtieth cousins, poor relatives, lamenting for the deceased; hypocriticall heirs, sobbing, striking their breasts (they care not if he had died a year ago); so many clients, dependants, flatterers, *parasites, cunning Gnathoes,* tramping on foot after the hearse, all their care is, who shall stand fairest with the successour; he mean time (like enough) spurns them from him, spits at them, treads

them under his foot, will have nought to do with any such cattle. I think him in the right: *Hæc sunt majora gravitate Heracliti. These follies are enough to give crying Heraclitus a fit of the spleene.'*

ON THE INCONVENIENCES RESULTING FROM BEING HANGED

To the Editor of The Reflector

Sir,—I am one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction in truth of the deepest grain. The heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that, in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sublunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

O, Mr Reflector! guess at the wretch's misery who now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been

——————————HANGED——

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown,—*hanged!*

Fear not, Mr Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant—That expression of yours, Mr Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, Mr Editor! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling nightcap drawn over it———

But for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him,—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches

eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward—) after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the by-standers, a reprieve came, and I was cut DOWN——

Really I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science) my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me;—my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting enquiry, and stigmatised innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together the head and members of this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not

that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled by the fidelity which they had shewn towards me to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achateses. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion and say, pointing to me, Smoke his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would enquire, What news from *** Assizes? (which you may guess, Mr Editor, was the scene of my shame) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would teaze me with enquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me anything but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I

am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*,—had the modesty to offer me —— guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr Editor, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that, to be sure, Mr ** was a judge of those things. But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service

of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name a day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer:—

Sir,—You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and

you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought. CELESTINA.

At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me) I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr Editor! in the thirty-seventh year of my existence (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation) cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scymetar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to enquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed; but as a topic

of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous? Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollett it is a perfect *bon bouche.*—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—'Mr Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn-hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one.'—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakspeare, who (not to mention the solution which the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow workman's problem), in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the Clown calls upon Master Barnardine to get up and be hanged, which he declines on the score of being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from Abhorson's asking, 'is the axe

upon the block, sirrah?' that beheading, and not hanging, was the punishment to which Barnardine was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his own drama (if I may so speak) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending of a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen.

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

As the wind you know will wave a man;*

to behold the vacant carcase, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weather-cock, serving to shew from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcase reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the

* Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy.

figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with day-light, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are 'seen,' as the Angel in Milton expresses it, 'least wise'; this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the San Benitos.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution, no intreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in ——shire.

Suffer me, Mr Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country; in plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like ministerings of *the*

other. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity——

I never shall forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter. I think I see him now,—in a waistcoat that had been mine—smirking along as if he knew me——

In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images——

Permit me to subscribe myself, Mr Editor,

Your unfortunate friend,

Pensilis.

ON THE DANGER OF CONFOUNDING MORAL WITH PERSONAL DEFORMITY; WITH A HINT TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE FRAMING OF ADVERTISEMENTS FOR APPREHENDING OFFENDERS

To the Editor of The Reflector

Mr Reflector,—There is no science in their pretensions to which mankind are more apt to commit grievous mistakes, than in the supposed very obvious one of physiognomy. I quarrel not with the principles

of this science, as they are laid down by learned professors; much less am I disposed, with some people, to deny its existence altogether as any inlet of knowledge that can be depended upon. I believe that there is, or may be, an art to 'read the mind's construction in the face.' But, then, in every species of *reading*, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader; if they are blear, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, or strained with too much attention, the optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection, proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, in much more intimate acquaintances, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once.

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes where, during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same? —if for truth he does not *read* a dull virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not *read* a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing;—if for serenity he does not *read* animal tranquillity, the dead pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? Alas! what is this book of the countenance good for, which when we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end!

But these are the pitiable mistakes to which love alone is subject. I have inadvertently wandered

from my purpose, which was to expose quite an opposite blunder, into which we are no less apt to fall, through hate. How ugly a person looks upon whose reputation some awkward aspersion hangs, and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the truth. *That crooked old woman*, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman, whose actions did not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right. The unanimous surprise of the company before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I had confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shewn in those advertisements, which stare us in the face from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser; I mean, the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, debtors that have run away from their bail. I observe, that in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow, whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delin-

quency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated, his deformities are not much magnified. A run-away apprentice, who excites perhaps the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of bandy legs; if he has taken any thing with him in his flight, a hitch in his gait is generally superadded. A bankrupt, who has been guilty of withdrawing his effects, if his case be not very atrocious, commonly meets with mild usage. But a debtor who has left his bail in jeopardy, is sure to be described in characters of unmingled deformity. Here the personal feelings of the bail, which may be allowed to be somewhat poignant, are admitted to interfere; and, as wrath and revenge commonly strike in the dark, the colours are laid on with a grossness which I am convinced must often defeat its own purpose. The fish that casts an inky cloud about him that his enemies may not find him, cannot more obscure himself by that device than the blackening representations of these angry advertisers must inevitably serve to cloak and screen the persons of those who have injured them from detection. I have before me at this moment one of these bills, which runs thus:—

'FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.

'Run away from his bail, John Tomkins, formerly resident in Princes-street, Soho, but lately of Clerkenwell. Whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's jails, the said John Tomkins, shall receive the above reward. He is a thickset, sturdy man, about five foot six inches high, halts in his left leg, with a stoop in his gait, with coarse red hair, nose short and cocked

up, with little grey eyes, one of them bears the effect of a blow which he has lately received, with a pot belly, speaks with a thick and disagreeable voice, goes shabbily drest, had on when he went away a greasy shag great coat with rusty yellow buttons.'

Now, although it is not out of the compass of possibility that John Tomkins aforesaid may comprehend in his agreeable person all the above-mentioned aggregate of charms; yet, from my observation of the manner in which these advertisements are usually drawn up, though I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman, yet would I lay a wager, that an advertisement to the following effect would have a much better chance of apprehending and laying by the heels this John Tomkins than the above description, although penned by one who, from the good services which he appears to have done for him, has not improbably been blessed with some years of previous intercourse with the said John. Taking, then, the above advertisement to be true, or nearly so, down to the words 'left leg' inclusive (though I have some doubt if the blemish there implied amount to a positive lameness, or be perceivable by any but the nearest friends of John) I would proceed thus:—'Leans a little forward in his walk, his hair thick and inclining to auburn, his nose of the middle size, a little turned up at the end, lively hazel eyes (the contusion, as its effects are probably gone off by this time, I judge better omitted) inclines to be corpulent, his voice thick but pleasing, especially when he sings, had on a decent shag great coat with yellow buttons.'

Now, I would stake a considerable wager (though by no means a positive man) that some such mitigated description would lead the beagles of the law into a much surer track for finding this ungracious varlet, than to set them upon a false scent after

fictitious ugliness and fictitious shabbiness; though, to do those gentlemen justice, I have no doubt their experience has taught them in all such cases to abate a great deal of the deformity which they are instructed to expect; and has discovered to them, that the Devil's agents upon this earth, like their master, are far less ugly in reality than they are painted.

I am afraid, Mr Reflector, that I shall be thought to have gone wide of my subject, which was to detect the practical errors of physiognomy, properly so called; whereas I have introduced physical defects, such as lameness, the effects of accidents upon a man's person, his wearing apparel, &c. as circumstances on which the eye of dislike, looking ascance, may report erroneous conclusions to the understanding. But if we are liable, through a kind, or an unkind passion, to mistake so grossly concerning things so exterior and palpable, how much more are we likely to err respecting those nicer and less perceptible hints of character in a face, whose detection constitutes the triumph of the physiognomist.

To revert to those bestowers of unmerited deformity, the framers of advertisements for the apprehension of delinquents, a sincere desire of promoting the ends of public justice induces me to address a word to them on the best means of attaining those ends. I will endeavour to lay down a few practical, or rather negative, rules for their use, for my ambition extends no further than to arm them with cautions against the self-defeating of their own purposes:—

1. Imprimis, then, Mr Advertiser! If the culprit whom you are willing to recover be one to whom in times past you have shewn kindness, and been disposed to think kindly of him yourself, but he has deceived your trust, and has run away, and left you with a load of debt to answer for him,—sit down

calmly, and endeavour to behold him through the spectacles of memory rather than of present conceit. Image to yourself, before you pen a tittle of his description, the same plausible, good-looking man who took you in; and try to put away from your mind every intrusion of that deceitful spectre which perpetually obtrudes itself in the room of your former friend's known visage. It will do you more credit to have been deceived by such a one; and depend upon it, the traitor will convey to the eyes of the world in general much more of that first idea which you formed (perhaps in part erroneous) of his physiognomy, than of that frightful substitute which you have suffered to creep in upon your mind and usurp upon it; a creature which has no archetype except in your own brain.

2. If you be a master that have to advertise a runaway apprentice, though the young dog's faults are known only to you, and no doubt his conduct has been aggravating enough, do not presently set him down as having crooked ancles. He may have a good pair of legs, and run away notwithstanding. Indeed, the latter does rather seem to imply the former.

3. If the unhappy person against whom your laudable vengeance is directed be a thief, think that a thief may have a good nose, good eyes, good ears. It is indispensable to his profession that he be possessed of sagacity, foresight, vigilance; it is more than probable, then, that he is endued with the bodily types or instruments of these qualities to some tolerable degree of perfectness.

4. If petty larceny be his offence, I exhort you, do not confound meanness of crime with diminutiveness of stature. These things have no connection. I have known a tall man stoop to the basest action,

a short man aspire to the height of crime, a fair man be guilty of the foulest actions, &c.

5. Perhaps the offender has been guilty of some atrocious and aggravated murder. Here is the most difficult case of all. It is above all requisite, that such a daring violator of the peace and safety of society should meet with his reward, a violent and ignominious death. But how shall we get at him? Who is there among us, that has known him before he committed the offence, that shall take upon him to say he can sit down coolly and pen a dispassionate description of a murderer? The tales of our nursery, —the reading of our youth,—the ill-looking man that was hired by the Uncle to dispatch the Children in the Wood, the grim ruffians who smothered the babes in the Tower,—the black and beetle-browed assassin of Mrs Ratcliffe,—the shag-haired villain of Mr Monk Lewis,—the Tarquin tread, and mill-stone dropping eyes, of Murder in Shakspeare,—the exaggerations of picture and of poetry,—what we have read and what we have dreamed of,—rise up and crowd in upon us such eye-scaring portraits of the man of blood, that our pen is absolutely forestalled; we commence poets when we should play the part of strictest historians, and the very blackness of horror which the deed calls up, serves as a cloud to screen the doer. The fiction is blameless, it is accordant with those wise prejudices with which nature has guarded our innocence, as with impassable barriers, against the commission of such appalling crimes; but meantime, the criminal escapes; or if,—owing to that wise abatement in their expectation of deformity, which, as I hinted at before, the officers of pursuit never fail to make, and no doubt in cases of this sort they make a more than ordinary allowance,—if, owing to this or any accident, the offender is caught and brought

to his trial, who that has been led out of curiosity to witness such a scene, has not with astonishment reflected on the difference between a real committer of a murder, and the idea of one which he has been collecting and heightening all his life out of books, dreams, &c. The fellow, perhaps, is a sleek, smug-looking man, with light hair and eye-brows,—the latter by no means jutting out or like a crag,—and with none of those marks which our fancy had prebestowed upon him.

I find I am getting unawares too serious; the best way on such occasions is, to leave off, which I shall do by generally recommending to all prosecuting advertisers not to confound crimes with ugliness; or rather, to distinguish between that physiognomical deformity, which I am willing to grant always accompanies crime, and mere *physical ugliness*,—which signifies nothing, is the exponent of nothing, and may exist in a good or bad person indifferently.

CRITO.

ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF HOGARTH; WITH SOME REMARKS ON A PASSAGE IN THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE MR BARRY

ONE of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in ——shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me, has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer Satires (for they are not so much Comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine Satires) less mingled with any thing of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in *Timon of Athens*.

I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered,—'Shakspeare': being asked which he esteemed next best, replied,—'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at,—his prints we read.

In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the *Timon of Athens* of Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are

described with almost equal force and nature. The levee of the Rake, which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both.

The concluding scene in the *Rake's Progress* is perhaps superior to the last scenes of *Timon*. If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of Lear's beginning madness, where the King and the Fool and the Tom-o'-Bedlam conspire to produce such a medley of mirth checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those 'strange bed-fellows' which misfortunes have brought Lear acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathize with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that 'child-changed father.'

In the scene in Bedlam, which terminates the *Rake's Progress*, we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building;—and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy, of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad taylor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he appears to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of *Charming Betty Careless*,—these half-laughable,

scarce-pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject:—

> Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
> What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain?
> Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
> Mechanic Fancy, that can build
> Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
> With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
> Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
> Shapes of horror, that would even
> Cast doubts of mercy upon heaven.
> Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
> Would split the shaking sides of spleen*.

Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess to remark, that in the poor kneeling weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to Kent, or Caius, as he delights rather to be called, in *Lear*,—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived,—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcass, the shadow, the shell and empty husk of Lear?

In the perusal of a book, or of a picture, much of the impression which we receive depends upon the habit of mind which we bring with us to such perusal. The same circumstance may make one person laugh, which shall render another very serious; or in the same person the first impression may be corrected by after-thought. The misemployed incongruous characters at the *Harlot's Funeral*, on a superficial

* Lines inscribed under the plate.

inspection, provoke to laughter; but when we have sacrificed the first emotion to levity, a very different frame of mind succeeds, or the painter has lost half his purpose. I never look at that wonderful assemblage of depraved beings, who, without a grain of reverence or pity in their perverted minds, are performing the sacred exteriors of duty to the relics of their departed partner in folly, but I am as much moved to sympathy from the very want of it in them, as I should be by the finest representation of a virtuous death-bed surrounded by real mourners, pious children, weeping friends,—perhaps more by the very contrast. What reflections does it not awake, of the dreadful heartless state in which the creature (a female too) must have lived, who in death wants the accompaniment of one genuine tear! That wretch who is removing the lid of the coffin to gaze upon the corpse with a face which indicates a perfect negation of all goodness or womanhood—the hypocrite parson and his demure partner—all the fiendish group—to a thoughtful mind present a moral emblem more affecting than if the poor friendless carcass had been depicted as thrown out to the woods, where wolves had assisted at its obsequies, itself furnishing forth its own funeral banquet.

It is easy to laugh at such incongruities as are met together in this picture,—incongruous objects being of the very essence of laughter,—but surely the laugh is far different in its kind from that thoughtless species to which we are moved by mere farce and grotesque. We laugh when Ferdinand Count Fathom, at the first sight of the white cliffs of Britain, feels his heart yearn with filial fondness towards the land of his progenitors, which he is coming to fleece and plunder,—we smile at the exquisite irony of the passage,—but if we are not led on by such passages

to some more salutary feeling than laughter, we are very negligent perusers of them in book or picture.

It is the fashion with those who cry up the great Historical School in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view; and accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would perhaps have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the *Plague of Athens**. Disease and Death and bewildering Terror in *Athenian garments* are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, within the 'limits of pleasurable sensation.' But the scenes of their own St Giles's, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one,—

* At the late Mr Hope's, in Cavendish-square.

which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessaries, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Every thing in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of 'strange images of death.' It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as any thing which Michael Angelo ever drew, but every thing else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy,—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk —seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of phrenzy which goes forth over the whole composition.—To shew the poetical and almost prophetical conception in the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures, which he has strewed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shews you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakspeare, in his description of the painting of the Trojan War, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole:—

> For much imaginary work was there,
> Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
> That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

> Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind
> Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
> A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
> Stood for the whole to be imagined.

This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions half way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists shew every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least, we are perpetually perplexing instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin above-mentioned, and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shewn by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.

I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds, but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of

such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England.

I would ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Reynolds, whether in the countenances of his *Staring* and *Grinning Despair*, which he has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort, there be any thing comparable to the expression which Hogarth has put into the face of his broken-down rake in the last plate but one of the *Rake's Progress**, where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play 'will not do'? Here all is easy, natural, undistorted, but withal what a mass of woe is here accumulated!—the long history of a mis-spent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it; here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bedposts, no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture, but grief kept to a man's self, a face retiring from notice with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it,—a final leave taken of hope,—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction, —a beginning alienation of mind looking like tranquillity. Here is matter for the mind of the beholder to feed on for the hour together,—matter to feed and fertilize the mind. It is too real to admit one thought about the power of the artist who did it.—When we compare the expression in subjects which so fairly admit of comparison, and find the superiority so clearly to remain with Hogarth, shall the mere con-

* The first perhaps in all Hogarth for serious expression. That which comes next to it, I think, is the jaded morning countenance of the debauchee in the second plate of the *Marriage Alamode*, which lectures on the vanity of pleasur as audibly as any thing in Ecclesiastes.

temptible difference of the scene of it being laid in the one case in our Fleet or King's Bench Prison, and in the other in the State Prison of Pisa, or the bedroom of a cardinal,—or that the subject of the one has never been authenticated, and the other is matter of history,—so weigh down the real points of the comparison, as to induce us to rank the artist who has chosen the one scene or subject (though confessedly inferior in that which constitutes the soul of his art) in a class from which we exclude the better genius (who has happened to make choice of the other) with something like disgrace*?

The *Boys under Demoniacal Possession* of Raphael and Dominichino, by what law of classification are we bound to assign them to belong to the great style in painting, and to degrade into an inferior class the Rake of Hogarth when he is the Madman in the Bedlam scene? I am sure he is far more impressive than

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, somewhere in his lectures, speaks of the *presumption* of Hogarth in attempting the grand style in painting, by which he means his choice of certain Scripture subjects. Hogarth's excursions into Holy Land were not very numerous, but what he has left us in this kind have at least this merit, that they have expression of *some sort or other* in them,—the *Child Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter*, for instance: which is more than can be said of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Repose in Egypt*, painted for Macklin's Bible, where for a Madona he has substituted a sleepy, insensible, unmotherly girl, one so little worthy to have been selected as the Mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to entitle her to become a mother at all. But indeed the race of Virgin Mary painters seems to have been cut up, root and branch, at the Reformation. Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. da Vinci and Raphael (themselves by their divine countenances inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their Heaven-born Infant.

either. It is a face which no one that has seen can easily forget. There is the stretch of human suffering to the utmost endurance, severe bodily pain brought on by strong mental agony, the frightful obstinate laugh of madness,—yet all so unforced and natural, that those who never were witness to madness in real life, think they see nothing but what is familiar to them in this face. Here are no tricks of distortion, nothing but the natural face of agony. This is high tragic painting, and we might as well deny to Shakspeare the honours of a great tragedian, because he has interwoven scenes of mirth with the serious business of his plays, as refuse to Hogarth the same praise for the two concluding scenes of the *Rake's Progress*, because of the Comic Lunatics* which he has thrown into the one, or the Alchymist that he has introduced in the other, who is paddling in the coals of his furnace, keeping alive the flames of vain hope within the very walls of the prison to which the vanity has conducted him, which have taught the darker lesson of extinguished hope to the desponding figure who is the principal person of the scene.

It is the force of these kindly admixtures, which assimilates the scenes of Hogarth and of Shakspeare to the drama of real life, where no such thing as pure tragedy is to be found; but merriment and infelicity, ponderous crime and feather-light vanity, like

* There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antick and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others again we have, like angry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies.
Honest Whore.

twiformed births, disagreeing complexions of one intertexture, perpetually unite to shew forth motley spectacles to the world. Then it is that the poet or painter shews his art, when in the selection of these comic adjuncts he chooses such circumstances as shall relieve, contrast with, or fall into, without forming a violent opposition to, his principal object. Who sees not that the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, the Fool in *Lear*, have a kind of correspondency to, and fall in with, the subjects which they seem to interrupt, while the comic stuff in *Venice Preserved*, and the doggrel nonsense of the Cook and his poisoning associates in the *Rollo* of Beaumont and Fletcher, are pure, irrelevant, impertinent discords,—as bad as the quarrelling dog and cat under the table of the *Lord and the Disciples at Emmaus* of Titian?

Not to tire the reader with perpetual reference to prints which he may not be fortunate enough to possess, it may be sufficient to remark, that the same tragic cast of expression and incident, blended in some instances with a greater alloy of comedy, characterizes his other great work, the *Marriage Alamode*, as well as those less elaborate exertions of his genius, the prints called *Industry and Idleness*, the *Distrest Poet*, &c. forming, with the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, the most considerable if not the largest class of his productions,—enough surely to rescue Hogarth from the imputation of being a mere buffoon, or one whose general aim was only to *shake the sides*.

There remains a very numerous class of his performances, the object of which must be confessed to be principally comic. But in all of them will be found something to distinguish them from the droll productions of Bunbury and others. They have this difference, that we do not merely laugh at, we are led into long trains of reflection by them. In this

respect they resemble the characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims, which have strokes of humour in them enough to designate them for the most part as comic, but our strongest feeling still is wonder at the comprehensiveness of genius which could crowd, as poet and painter have done, into one small canvas so many diverse yet co-operating materials.

The faces of Hogarth have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque physiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicality, wish for a pencil and the power to sketch them down; and forget them again as rapidly,—but they are permanent abiding ideas. Not the sports of nature, but her necessary eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken.

It is worthy of observation, that he has seldom drawn a mean or insignificant countenance*. Hogarth's mind was eminently reflective; and, as it has been well observed of Shakspeare, that he has transfused his own poetical character into the persons of his drama (they are all more or less *poets*) Hogarth has impressed a *thinking character* upon the persons of his canvas. This remark must not be taken universally. The exquisite idiotism of the little gentleman in the bag and sword beating his drum in the print of the *Enraged Musician*, would of itself rise up against so sweeping an assertion. But I think it will be found to be true of the generality of his counte-

* If there are any of that description, they are in his *Strolling Players*, a print which has been cried up by Lord Orford as the richest of his productions, and it may be, for what I know, in the mere lumber, the properties, and dead furniture of the scene, but in living character and expression it is (for Hogarth) lamentably poor and wanting; it is perhaps the only one of his performances at which we have a right to feel disgusted.

nances. The knife-grinder and Jew flute-player in the plate just mentioned may serve as instances instead of a thousand. They have intense thinking faces, though the purpose to which they are subservient by no means required it; but indeed it seems as if it was painful to Hogarth to contemplate mere vacancy or insignificance.

This reflection of the artist's own intellect from the faces of his characters, is one reason why the works of Hogarth, so much more than those of any other artist, are objects of meditation. Our intellectual natures love the mirror which gives them back their own likenesses. The mental eye will not bend long with delight upon vacancy.

Another line of eternal separation between Hogarth and the common painters of droll or burlesque subjects, with whom he is often confounded, is the sense of beauty, which in the most unpromising subjects seems never wholly to have deserted him. 'Hogarth himself,' says Mr Coleridge*, from whom I have borrowed this observation, speaking of a scene which took place at Ratzeburg, 'never drew a more ludicrous distortion, both of attitude and physiognomy, than this effect occasioned: nor was there wanting beside it one of those beautiful female faces which the same Hogarth, *in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet,* so often and so gladly introduces as the central figure in a crowd of humorous deformities, which figure (such is the power of true genius) neither acts nor is meant to act as a contrast; but diffuses through all, and over each of the group, a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness; and even when the attention is no longer consciously

* *The Friend*, No. XVI.

directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter: and *thus prevents the instructive merriment at the whims of nature, or the foibles or humours of our fellow-men, from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred.*' To the beautiful females in Hogarth, which Mr C. has pointed out, might be added, the frequent introduction of children (which Hogarth seems to have taken a particular delight in) into his pieces. They have a singular effect in giving tranquillity and a portion of their own innocence to the subject. The baby riding in its mother's lap in the *March to Finchley* (its careless innocent face placed directly behind the intriguing time-furrowed countenance of the treason-plotting French priest) perfectly sobers the whole of that tumultuous scene. The boy mourner winding up his top with so much unpretending insensibility in the plate of the *Harlot's Funeral* (the only thing in that assembly that is not a hypocrite) quiets and soothes the mind that has been disturbed at the sight of so much depraved man and woman kind.

I had written thus far, when I met with a passage in the writings of the late Mr Barry, which, as it falls in with the *vulgar notion* respecting Hogarth, which this Essay has been employed in combating, I shall take the liberty to transcribe, with such remarks as may suggest themselves to me in the transcription; referring the reader for a full answer to that which has gone before.

'Notwithstanding Hogarth's merit does undoubtedly entitle him to an honourable place amongst the artists, and that his little compositions, considered as so many dramatic representations, abounding with humour, character, and extensive observations on the various incidents of low, faulty, and

vicious life, are very ingeniously brought together, and frequently tell their own story with more facility than is often found in many of the elevated and more noble inventions of Rafaelle, and other great men; yet it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed, that Hogarth is often so raw, and uninformed, as hardly to deserve the name of an artist. But this capital defect is not often perceivable, as examples of the naked and of elevated nature but rarely occur in his subjects, which are for the most part filled with characters, that in their nature tend to deformity; besides, his figures are small, and the jonctures, and other difficulties of drawing that might occur in their limbs, are artfully concealed with their cloaths, rags, etc. But what would atone for all his defects, even if they were twice told, is his admirable fund of invention, ever inexhaustible in its resources; and his satyr, which is always sharp and pertinent, and often highly moral, was (except in a few instances, where he weakly and meanly suffered his integrity to give way to his envy) seldom or never employed in a dishonest or unmanly way. Hogarth has been often imitated in his satyrical vein, sometimes in his humorous; but very few have attempted to rival him in his moral walk. The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academician, Mr Penny, is quite distinct from that of Hogarth, and is of a much more delicate and superior relish; he attempts the heart, and reaches it, whilst Hogarth's general aim is only to shake the sides: in other respects no comparison can be thought of, as Mr Penny has all that knowledge of the figure and academical skill, which the other wanted. As to Mr Bunbury, who had so happily succeeded in the vein of humour and caricatura, he has for some

time past altogether relinquished it, for the more amiable pursuit of beautiful nature: this indeed is not to be wondered at, when we recollect that he has, in Mrs Bunbury, so admirable an exemplar of the most finished grace and beauty continually at his elbow. But (to say all that occurs to me on this subject) perhaps it may be reasonably doubted, whether the being much conversant with Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice, in many of his works, is not rather a dangerous, or, at least, a worthless pursuit; which, if it does not find a false relish and a love of and search after satyr and buffoonery in the spectator, is at least not unlikely to give him one. Life is short, and the little leisure of it is much better laid out upon that species of art which is employed upon the amiable and the admirable, as it is more likely to be attended with better and nobler consequences to ourselves. These two pursuits in art may be compared with two sets of people with whom we might associate; if we give ourselves up to the Foots, the Kenricks, etc., we shall be continually busied and paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty, and vicious in life; whereas there are those to be found, with whom we should be in the constant pursuit and study of all that gives a value and a dignity to human nature.' [Account of a Series of Pictures in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the Adelphi, by James Barry, R.A., Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy; reprinted in the last quarto edition of his works.]

'——it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed,' &c.

It is a secret well known to the professors of the art and mystery of criticism, to insist upon what

they do not find in a man's works, and to pass over in silence what they do. That Hogarth did not draw the naked figure so well as Michael Angelo might be allowed, especially as 'examples of the naked,' as Mr Barry acknowledges, 'rarely (he might almost have said never) occur in his subjects'; and that his figures under their draperies do not discover all the fine graces of an Antinous or an Apollo, may be conceded likewise; perhaps it was more suitable to his purpose to represent the average forms of mankind in the mediocrity (as Mr Burke expresses it) of the age in which he lived: but that his figures in general, and in his best subjects, are so glaringly incorrect as is here insinuated, I dare trust my own eye so far as positively to deny the fact. And there is one part of the figure in which Hogarth is allowed to have excelled, which these foreigners seem to have overlooked, or perhaps calculating from its proportion to the whole (a seventh or an eighth, I forget which) deemed it of trifling importance; I mean the human face; a small part, reckoning by geographical inches, in the map of man's body, but here it is that the painter of expression must condense the wonders of his skill, even at the expense of neglecting the 'jonctures and other difficulties of drawing in the limbs,' which it must be a cold eye that in the interest so strongly demanded by Hogarth's countenances has leisure to survey and censure.

'The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academician, Mr Penny.'

The first impression caused in me by reading this passage, was an eager desire to know who this Mr Penny was. This great surpasser of Hogarth in the 'delicacy of his relish,' and the 'line which he pursued,' where is he, what are his works, what has he to shew? In vain I tried to recollect, till by happily

putting the question to a friend who is more conversant in the works of the illustrious obscure than myself, I learnt that he was the painter of a *Death of Wolfe* which missed the prize the year that the celebrated picture of West on the same subject obtained it; that he also made a picture of the *Marquis of Granby relieving a Sick Soldier;* moreover, that he was the inventor of two pictures of *Suspended and Restored Animation*, which I now remember to have seen in the Exhibition some years since, and the prints from which are still extant in good men's houses. This then I suppose is the line of subjects in which Mr Penny was so much superior to Hogarth. I confess I am not of that opinion. The relieving of poverty by the purse, and the restoring a young man to his parents by using the methods prescribed by the Humane Society, are doubtless very amiable subjects, pretty things to teach the first rudiments of humanity; they amount to about as much instruction as the stories of good boys that give away their custards to poor beggar-boys in children's books. But, good God! is this *milk for babes* to be set up in opposition to Hogarth's moral scenes, his *strong meat for men?* As well might we prefer the fulsome verses upon their own goodness, to which the gentlemen of the Literary Fund annually sit still with such shameless patience to listen, to the satires of Juvenal and Persius; because the former are full of tender images of Worth relieved by Charity, and Charity stretching out her hand to rescue sinking Genius, and the theme of the latter is men's crimes and follies with their black consequences—forgetful meanwhile of those strains of moral pathos, those sublime heart-touches, which these poets (in *them* chiefly shewing themselves poets) are perpetually darting across the otherwise appalling gloom of their subject—consolatory remem-

brancers, when their pictures of guilty mankind have made us even to despair for our species, that there is such a thing as virtue and moral dignity in the world, that her unquenchable spark is not utterly out—refreshing admonitions, to which we turn for shelter from the too great heat and asperity of the general satire.

And is there nothing analogous to this in Hogarth? nothing which 'attempts and reaches the heart'?—no aim beyond that of 'shaking the sides'?—If the kneeling ministering female in the last scene of the *Rake's Progress*, the Bedlam scene, of which I have spoken before, and have dared almost to parallel it with the most absolute idea of Virtue which Shakspeare has left us, be not enough to disprove the assertion; if the sad endings of the Harlot and the Rake, the passionate heart-bleeding entreaties for forgiveness which the adulterous wife is pouring forth to her assassinated and dying lord in the last scene but one of the *Marriage Alamode*,—if these be not things to touch the heart, and dispose the mind to a meditative tenderness: is there nothing sweetly conciliatory in the mild, patient face and gesture with which the wife seems to allay and ventilate the feverish irritated feelings of her poor poverty-distracted mate (the true copy of the *genus irritabile*) in the print of the *Distrest Poet?* or if an image of maternal love be required where shall we find a sublimer view of it than in that aged woman in *Industry and Idleness* (plate v.) who is clinging with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished to her brutal vice-hardened child, whom she is accompanying to the ship which is to bear him away from his native soil, of which he has been adjudged unworthy: in whose shocking face every trace of the human countenance seems obliterated, and a brute beast's to be

left instead, shocking and repulsive to all but her who watched over it in its cradle before it was so sadly altered, and feels it must belong to her while a pulse by the vindictive laws of his country shall be suffered to continue to beat in it. Compared with such things, what is Mr Penny's 'knowledge of the figure and academical skill which Hogarth wanted'?

With respect to what follows concerning another gentleman, with the congratulations to him on his escape out of the regions of 'humour and caricatura,' in which it appears he was in danger of travelling side by side with Hogarth, I can only congratulate my country, that Mrs Hogarth knew *her* province better than by disturbing her husband at his pallet to divert him from that universality of subject, which has stamped him perhaps, next to Shakspeare, the most inventive genius which this island has produced, into the 'amiable pursuit of beautiful nature,' *i.e.* copying ad infinitum the individual charms and graces of Mrs H——.

'Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice, paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty, and vicious.'

A person unacquainted with the works thus stigmatised, would be apt to imagine, that in Hogarth there was nothing else to be found but subjects of the coarsest and most repulsive nature. That his imagination was naturally unsweet, and that he delighted in raking into every species of moral filth. That he preyed upon sore places only, and took a pleasure in exposing the unsound and rotten parts of human nature;—whereas, with the exception of some of the plates of the *Harlot's Progress*, which are harder in their character than any of the rest of his productions (the *Stages of Cruelty* I omit as mere worthless caricaturas, foreign to his general habits, the off-

spring of his fancy in some wayward humour) there is scarce one of his pieces where vice is most strongly satirised, in which some figure is not introduced upon which the moral eye may rest satisfied; a face that indicates goodness, or perhaps mere good humouredness and carelessness of mind (negation of evil) only, yet enough to give a relaxation to the frowning brow of satire, and keep the general air from tainting. Take the mild, supplicating posture of patient Poverty in the poor woman that is persuading the pawnbroker to accept her clothes in pledge, in the plate of *Gin Lane*, for an instance. A little does it, a little of the *good* nature overpowers a world of *bad*. One cordial honest laugh of a Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black putrifying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil. One homely expostulating shrug from Strap, warms the whole air which the suggestions of a gentlemanly ingratitude from his friend Random had begun to freeze. One 'Lord bless us!' of Parson Adams upon the wickedness of the times, exorcises and purges off the mass of iniquity which the world-knowledge of even a Fielding could cull out and rake together. But of the severer class of Hogarth's performances, enough, I trust, has been said to shew that they do not merely shock and repulse; that there is in them the 'scorn of vice' and the 'pity' too; something to touch the heart, and keep alive the sense of moral beauty; the 'lacrymæ rerum,' and the sorrowing by which the heart is made better. If they be bad things, then is satire and tragedy a bad thing; let us proclaim at once an age of gold, and sink the existence of vice and misery in our speculations; let us

> —— wink, and shut our apprehensions up
> From common sense of what men were and are:

let us *make believe* with the children that every body

is good and happy; and, with Dr Swift, write panegyrics upon the world.

But that larger half of Hogarth's works which were painted more for entertainment than instruction (though such was the suggestiveness of his mind, that there is always something to be learnt from them) his humourous scenes,—are they such as merely to disgust and set us against our species?

The confident assertions of such a man as I consider the late Mr Barry to have been, have that weight of authority in them which staggers, at first hearing, even a long preconceived opinion. When I read his pathetic admonition concerning the shortness of life, and how much better the little leisure of it were laid out upon 'that species of art which is employed about the amiable and the admirable'; and Hogarth's 'method' proscribed as a 'dangerous or worthless pursuit,' I began to think there was something in it; that I might have been indulging all my life a passion for the works of this artist, to the utter prejudice of my taste and moral sense; but my first convictions gradually returned, a world of good-natured English faces came up one by one to my recollection, and a glance at the matchless *Election Entertainment*, which I have the happiness to have hanging up in my parlour, subverted Mr Barry's whole theory in an instant.

In that inimitable print (which in my judgment as far exceeds the more known and celebrated *March to Finchley*, as the best comedy exceeds the best farce that ever was written) let a person look till he be saturated, and when he has done wondering at the inventiveness of genius which could bring so many characters (more than thirty distinct classes of face) into a room, and set them down at table together, or otherwise dispose them about, in so natural a

manner, engage them in so many easy sets and occupations, yet all partaking of the spirit of the occasion which brought them together, so that we feel that nothing but an election time could have assembled them; having no central figure or principal group (for the hero of the piece, the Candidate, is properly set aside in the levelling indistinction of the day, one must look for him to find him) nothing to detain the eye from passing from part to part, where every part is alike instinct with life,—for here are no furniture-faces, no figures brought in to fill up the scene like stage choruses, but all dramatis personæ: when he shall have done wondering at all these faces so strongly charactered, yet finished with the accuracy of the finest miniature; when he shall have done admiring the numberless appendages of the scene, those gratuitous doles which rich genius flings into the heap when it has already done enough, the overmeasure which it delights in giving, as if its stores were exhaustless; the dumb rhetoric of the scenery—for tables, and chairs, and joint-stools in Hogarth, are living and significant things; the witticisms that are expressed by words (all artists but Hogarth have failed when they have endeavoured to combine two mediums of expression, and have introduced words into their pictures) and the unwritten numberless little allusive pleasantries that are scattered about; the work that is going on in the scene, and beyond it, as is made visible to the 'eye of mind,' by the mob which choaks up the door-way, and the sword that has forced an entrance before its master: when he shall have sufficiently admired this wealth of genius, let him fairly say what is the *result* left on his mind. Is it an impression of the vileness and worthlessness of his species? or is not the general feeling which remains, after the individual faces have

ceased to act sensibly on his mind, a *kindly one in favour of his species?* was not the general air of the whole scene wholesome? did it do the heart hurt to be among it? Something of a riotous spirit to be sure is there, some worldly-mindedness in some of the faces, a Doddingtonian smoothness which does not promise any superfluous degree of sincerity in the fine gentleman who has been the occasion of calling so much good company together: but is not the general cast of expression in the faces, of the good sort? do they not seem cut out of the *good old rock*, substantial English honesty? would one fear treachery among characters of their expression? or shall we call their honest mirth and seldom-returning relaxation by the hard names of vice and profligacy? That poor country fellow, that is grasping his staff (which, from that difficulty of feeling themselves at home which poor men experience at a feast, he has never parted with since he came into the room) and is enjoying with a relish that seems to fill all the capacities of his soul the slender joke, which that facetious wag his neighbour is practising upon the gouty gentleman, whose eyes the effort to suppress pain has made as round as rings—does it shock the 'dignity of human nature' to look at that man, and to sympathise with him in the seldom-heard joke which has unbent his care-worn hard-working visage, and drawn iron smiles from it? or with that full-hearted cobler who is honouring with the grasp of an honest fist the unused palm of that annoyed patrician, whom the licence of the time has seated next him?

I can see nothing 'dangerous' in the contemplation of such scenes as this, or the *Enraged Musician*, or the *Southwark Fair*, or twenty other pleasant prints which come crowding in upon my recollection, in which the restless activities, the diversified bents

and humours, the blameless peculiarities of men, as they deserve to be called, rather than their 'vices and follies,' are held up in a laughable point of view. All laughter is not of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. There is the petrifying sneer of a demon which excludes and kills Love, and there is the cordial laughter of a man which implies and cherishes it. What heart was ever made the worse by joining in a hearty laugh at the simplicities of Sir Hugh Evans or Parson Adams, where a sense of the ridiculous mutually kindles and is kindled by a perception of the amiable? That tumultuous harmony of singers that are roaring out the words, 'The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne,' from the opera of *Judith*, in the third plate of the series, called the *Four Groups of Heads;* which the quick eye of Hogarth must have struck off in the very infancy of the rage for sacred oratorios in this country, while 'Music yet was young'; when we have done smiling at the deafening distortions, which these tearers of devotion to rags and tatters, these takers of Heaven by storm, in their boisterous mimicry of the occupation of angels, are making,—what unkindly impression is left behind, or what more of harsh or contemptuous feeling, than when we quietly leave Uncle Toby and Mr Shandy riding their hobby-horses about the room? The conceited long-backed Sign-painter, that with all the self-applause of a Raphael or Corregio (the twist of body which his conceit has thrown him into has something of the Corregiesque in it) is contemplating the picture of a bottle which he is drawing from an actual bottle that hangs beside him, in the print of *Beer Street*,—while we smile at the enormity of the self-delusion, can we help loving the good humour and self-complacency of the fellow? would we willingly wake him from his dream?

I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their natures repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face, —they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the countenances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett or Fielding.

ON THE CUSTOM OF HISSING AT THE THEATRES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A CLUB OF DAMNED AUTHORS

Mr Reflector, I am one of those persons whom the world has thought proper to designate by the title of Damned Authors. In that memorable season of dramatic failures, 1806–7, in which no fewer, I think, than two tragedies, four comedies, one opera, and three farces, suffered at Drury-lane theatre, I was found guilty of constructing an afterpiece, and was *damned*.

Against the decision of the public in such instances there can be no appeal. The Clerk of Chatham might

as well have protested against the decision of Cade and his followers, who were then *the public*. Like him I was condemned, because I could write.

Not but it did appear to some of us, that the measures of the popular tribunal at that period savoured a little of harshness and of the *summum jus*. The public mouth was early in the season fleshed upon the *Vindictive Man*, and some pieces of that nature, and it retained through the remainder of it a relish of blood. As Dr Johnson would have said; Sir, there was a habit of sibilation in the house.

Still less am I disposed to inquire into the reason of the comparative lenity, on the other hand, with which some pieces were treated, which, to indifferent judges, seemed at least as much deserving of condemnation as some of those which met with it. I am willing to put a favourable construction upon the votes that were given against us; I believe that there was no bribery or designed partiality in the case;—only 'our nonsense did not happen to suit their nonsense'; that was all.

But against the *manner* in which the public on these occasions think fit to deliver their disapprobation, I must and ever will protest.

Sir, imagine——but you have been present at the damning of a piece——those who never had that felicity, I beg them to imagine—a vast theatre, like that which Drury-lane was, before it was a heap of dust and ashes (I insult not over its fallen greatness, let it recover itself when it can for me, let it lift up its towering head once more, and take in poor authors to write for it, *hic cæstus artemque repono*) —a theatre like that, filled with all sorts of disgusting sounds,—shrieks, groans, hisses, but chiefly the last, like the noise of many waters, or that which Don Quixote heard from the fulling mills, or that wilder

combination of devilish sounds which St Anthony listened to in the wilderness.

O, Mr Reflector, is it not a pity, that the sweet human voice, which was given man to speak with, to sing with, to whisper tones of love in, to express compliance, to convey a favour, or to grant a suit—that voice, which in a Siddons, or a Braham, rouses us, in a Syren Catalani charms and captivates us,—that the musical, expressive human voice should be converted into a rival of the noises of silly geese, and irrational venomous snakes!

I shall never forget the sounds on *my night;* I never before that time fully felt the reception which the Author of All Ill in the *Paradise Lost* meets with from the critics in the *pit*, at the final close of his Tragedy upon the Human Race—though that, alas! met with too much success—

> ——from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal *hiss*, the sound
> Of public scorn.—Dreadful was the din
> Of *hissing* through the hall, thick swarming now
> With complicated monsters, head and tail,
> Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbœna dire,
> Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
> And Dipsas.

For hall substitute theatre, and you have the very image of what takes place at what is called the *damnation* of a piece,—and properly so called; for here you see its origin plainly, whence the custom was derived, and what the first piece was that so suffered. After this none can doubt the propriety of the appellation.

But, sir, as to the justice of bestowing such appalling, heart-withering denunciations of the popular obloquy, upon the venial mistake of a poor author, who thought to please us in the act of filling his

pockets,—for the sum of his demerits amounts to no more than that,—it does, I own, seem to me a species of retributive justice, far too severe for the offence. A culprit in the pillory (bate the eggs) meets with no severer exprobration.

Indeed, I have often wondered that some modest critic has not proposed, that there should be a wooden machine to that effect in some convenient part of the proscenium, which an unsuccessful author should be required to mount, and stand his hour, exposed to the apples and oranges of the pit;—this amende honorable would well suit with the meanness of some authors, who in their prologues fairly prostrate their sculls to the Audience, and seem to invite a pelting.

Or why should they not have their pens publicly broke over their heads, as the swords of recreant knights in old times were, and an oath administered to them that they should never write again.

Seriously, *Messieurs the Public*, this outrageous way which you have got of expressing your displeasures, is too much for the occasion. When I was deafening under the effects of it, I could not help asking, what crime of great moral turpitude I had committed: for every man about me seemed to feel the offence as personal to himself, as something which public interest and private feelings alike called upon him in the strongest possible manner to stigmatise with infamy.

The Romans, it is well known to you, Mr Reflector, took a gentler method of marking their disapprobation of an author's work. They were a humane and equitable nation.—They left the furca and the patibulum, the axe and the rods, to great offenders: for these minor, and (if I may so term them) extra-moral offences, the *bent thumb* was considered as a

sufficient sign of disapprobation, *vertere pollicem;* as the *pressed thumb, premere pollices,* was a mark of approving.

And really there seems to have been a sort of fitness in this method, a correspondency of sign in the punishment to the offence; for as the action of *writing* is performed by bending the thumb forward, the retroversion, or bending back of that joint, did not unaptly point to the *opposite of that action,* implying, that it was the will of the audience that the author should *write no more.* A much more significant, as well as more humane, way of expressing that desire, than our custom of hissing, which is altogether senseless and indefensible. Nor do we find that the Roman audiences deprived themselves, by this lenity, of any tittle of that supremacy which audiences in all ages have thought themselves bound to maintain over such as have been candidates for their applause. On the contrary, by this method they seem to have had the author, as we should express it, completely *under finger and thumb.*

The provocations to which a dramatic genius is exposed from the public are so much the more vexatious, as they are removed from any possibility of retaliation, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries:—for the public *never writes itself.*—Not but something very like it took place at the time of the O.P. differences. The placards which were nightly exhibited, were, properly speaking, the composition of the public.—The public wrote them, the public applauded them, and precious morceaus of wit and eloquence they were; except some few, of a better quality, which it is well known were furnished by professed dramatic writers. After this specimen of what the public can do for itself, it should be a little slow in condemning what others do for it.

As the degrees of malignancy vary in people according as they have more or less of the Old Serpent (the father of hisses) in their composition, I have sometimes amused myself with analyzing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is 'complicated, head and tail,' and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford.

First, there is the Common English Snake.—This is that part of the auditory who are always the majority at damnations, but who, having no critical venom in themselves to sting them on, stay till they hear others hiss, and then join in for company.

The Blind Worm is a species very nearly allied to the foregoing. Some naturalists have doubted whether they are not the same.

The Rattle Snake.—These are your obstreperous talking critics,—the impertinent guides of the pit,—who will not give a plain man leave to enjoy an evening's entertainment, but with their frothy jargon, and incessant finding of faults, either drown his pleasure quite, or force him in his own defence to join in their clamorous censure. The hiss always originates with these. When this creature springs his *rattle*, you would think, from the noise it makes, there was something in it; but you have only to examine the instrument from which the noise proceeds, and you will find it typical of a critic's tongue,—a shallow membrane, empty, voluble, and seated in the most contemptible part of the creature's body.

The Whip Snake.—This is he that lashes the poor author the next day in the newspapers.

The Deaf Adder, or Surda Echidna of Linnæus.—Under this head may be classed all that portion of the spectators (for audience they properly are not) who not finding the first act of a piece answer to their

preconceived notions of what a first act should be, like Obstinate in John Bunyan, positively thrust their fingers in their ears, that they may not hear a word of what is coming, though perhaps the very next act may be composed in a style as different as possible, and be written quite to their own tastes. These Adders refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, because the tuning of his instrument gave them offence.

I should weary you and myself too, if I were to go through all the classes of the serpent kind. Two qualities are common to them all. They are creatures of remarkably cold digestions, and chiefly haunt *pits* and low grounds.

I proceed with more pleasure to give you an account of a Club to which I have the honour to belong. There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called *damned*. We meet on the anniversaries of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expence of the public. The chief tenets which distinguish our society, and which every man among us is bound to hold for gospel, are,—

That the public, or mob, in all ages, have been a set of blind, deaf, obstinate, senseless, illiterate savages. That no man of genius in his senses would be ambitious of pleasing such a capricious, ungrateful rabble. That the only legitimate end of writing for them is to pick their pockets, and, *that failing*, we are at full liberty to vilify and abuse them as much as ever we think fit.

That authors, by their affected pretences to humility, which they make use of as a cloak to insinuate their writings into the callous senses of the multitude, obtuse to every thing but the grossest flattery, have by degrees made that great beast their master; as we may act submission to children till we

are obliged to practise it in earnest. That authors are and ought to be considered the masters and preceptors of the public, and not *vice versa*. That it was so in the days of Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and would be so again, if it were not that writers prove traitors to themselves. That in particular, in the days of the first of those three great authors just mentioned, audiences appear to have been perfect models of what audiences should be; for though along with the trees and the rocks and the wild creatures, which he drew after him to listen to his strains, some serpents doubtless came to hear his music, it does not appear that any one among them ever lifted up a *dissentient voice*. They knew what was due to authors in those days. Now every stock and stone turns into a serpent, and has a voice.

That the terms 'Courteous Reader' and 'Candid Auditors,' as having given rise to a false notion in those to whom they were applied, as if they conferred upon them some right, *which they cannot have*, of exercising their judgments, ought to be utterly banished and exploded.

These are our distinguishing tenets. To keep up the memory of the cause in which we suffered, as the ancients sacrificed a goat, a supposed unhealthy animal, to Æsculapius, on our feast-nights we cut up a goose, an animal typical of the *popular voice*, to the deities of Candour and Patient Hearing. A zealous member of the society once proposed that we should revive the obsolete luxury of viper-broth; but the stomachs of some of the company rising at the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and *antidotal dish*.

The privilege of admission to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fairly *damned*. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has

but languished its night or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual readiness in conferring this privilege is, in the case of a writer, who having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyrdom. Simple damnation we hold to be a merit, but to be twice-damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and black-ball without a hearing:—

The common damn'd shun his sôciety.

Hoping that your publication of our Regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this long letter. I am, Sir, yours,

SEMEL-DAMNATUS.

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES; AND THE CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER

To the Editor of The Reflector

MR REFLECTOR,—I was amused the other day with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether he saw any prognostics about me, that made him judge such notice seasonable, I cannot say; I might perhaps carry in a countenance (naturally not very florid) traces of a fever which had not long left me. Those fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing at the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers.

'BURIAL SOCIETY

'A favourable opportunity now offers to any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a

genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance, and two-pence per week for the benefit of the stock. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr Middleton's, at the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, Stonecutter's-street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:—A strong elm coffin, covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round, close drove, best japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, Angel above, and Flower beneath, and four pair of handsome handles, with wrought gripes; the coffin to be well pitched, lined, and ruffled with fine crape; a handsome crape shroud, cap, and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen's cloaks, three crape hatbands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pairs of gloves; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with band and gloves; also, the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea.'

'Man,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave.' Whoever drew up this little advertisement, certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it. It really almost induces a *tædium vitæ* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round close-drove best black japanned nails, —how feelingly do they invite and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down! what aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow present; what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away? what victory in the grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable; but above all, the pretty em-

blematic plate with the Angel above and the Flower beneath, takes me mightily.

The notice goes on to inform us, that though the society has been established but a very few years, upwards of eleven hundred persons have put down their names. It is really an affecting consideration to think of so many poor people, of the industrious and hard working class (for none but such would be possessed of such a generous fore-thought) clubbing their twopences to save the reproach of a parish funeral. Many a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that Angel and Flower kept from the *Angel* and *Punch-bowl*, while, to provide himself a bier, he has curtailed himself of *beer*. Many a savory morsel has the living body been deprived of, that the lifeless one might be served up in a richer state to the worms. And sure, if the body could understand the actions of the soul, and entertain generous notions of things, it would thank its provident partner, that she had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a Club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up, in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people, a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together,—the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us) the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one

who may not claim the entire rites of Christian burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, or, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hood, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity: the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be redemanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the Proposal wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial-fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought undoubtedly to be made in favour of those well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to the fund, who, having all along paid their subscriptions regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before the six months, which would entitle them to their freedom, are quite completed. One can hardly imagine a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to

the diminution of the comforts which sickness demands. I think, in such cases, some of the contribution-money ought to revert. With some such modifications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these Proposals of Mr Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities, with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal, which they may be apt to take at the place whence these Proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them that the issuer of these Proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendent of funerals, who, by the device of a Cradle and a Coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, *go for nothing:* an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

Looking over some papers lately that fell into my hands by chance, and appear to have been written about the beginning of the last century, I stumbled, among the rest, upon the following short essay, which the writer calls '*The Character of an Undertaker.*' It is written with some stiffness and pecu-

liarities of style, but some parts of it, I think, not unaptly characterise the profession to which Mr Middleton has the honour to belong. The writer doubtless had in his mind the entertaining character of Sable, in Steele's excellent comedy of the *Funeral*.

Character of an Undertaker

'He is master of the ceremonies at burials and mourning assemblies, grand marshal at funeral processions, the only true yeoman of the body, over which he exercises a dictatorial authority from the moment that the breath has taken leave to that of its final commitment to the earth. His ministry begins where the physician's, the lawyer's, and the divine's, end. Or if some part of the functions of the latter run parallel with his, it is only *in ordine ad spiritualia*. His temporalities remain unquestioned. He is arbitrator of all questions of honour which may concern the defunct; and upon slight inspection will pronounce how long he may remain in this upper world with credit to himself, and when it will be prudent for his reputation that he should retire. His determination in these points is peremptory and without appeal. Yet, with a modesty peculiar to his profession, he meddles not out of his own sphere. With the good or bad actions of the deceased in his life-time he has nothing to do. He leaves the friends of the dead man to form their own conjectures as to the place to which the departed spirit is gone. His care is only about the exuviæ. He concerns not himself even about the body, as it is a structure of parts internal, and a wonderful microcosm. He leaves such curious speculations to the anatomy professor. Or, if any thing, he is averse to such wanton enquiries, as delighting rather that the parts which he

has care of should be returned to their kindred dust in as handsome and unmutilated condition as possible; that the grave should have its full and unimpaired tribute,—a complete and just carcass. Nor is he only careful to provide for the body's entireness, but for its accommodation and ornament. He orders the fashion of its clothes, and designs the symmetry of its dwelling. Its vanity has an innocent survival in him. He is bedmaker to the dead. The pillows which he lays never rumple. The day of interment is the theatre in which he displays the mysteries of his art. It is hard to describe what he is, or rather to tell what he is not, on that day: for, being neither kinsman, servant, nor friend, he is all in turns; a transcendent, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of ephemeral majordomo! He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as (if well examined) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased, what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of Time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at

which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he *undertakes* to do.'

Begging your pardon for detaining you so long among 'graves, and worms, and epitaphs,'

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MORITURUS.

ON THE TRAGEDIES OF SHAKSPEARE, CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR FITNESS FOR STAGE REPRESENTATION

TAKING a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which upon examination proved to be a whole-length of the celebrated Mr Garrick. Though I would not go so far with some good catholics abroad as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines:—

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose: then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day:
And till Eternity with power sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understandings to attempt any thing like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and nonsense. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's:* how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words*; or what connection that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear, which a player by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as

* It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic* recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davies, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise Lost* better than any man in England in his day (though I cannot help thinking there must be some mistake in this tradition) was therefore, by his intimate friends, set upon a level with Milton.

grief, anger, &c. usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. To know the internal workings and movements of a great mind, of an Othello or a Hamlet for instance, the *when* and the *why* and the *how far* they should be moved; to what pitch a passion is becoming; to give the reins and to pull in the curb exactly at the moment when the drawing in or the slackening is most graceful; seems to demand a reach of intellect of a vastly different extent from that which is employed upon the bare imitation of the signs of these passions in the countenance or gesture, which signs are usually observed to be most lively and emphatic in the weaker sort of minds, and which signs can after all but indicate some passion, as I said before, anger, or grief, generally; but of the motives and grounds of the passion, wherein it differs from the same passion in low and vulgar natures, of these the actor can give no more idea by his face or gesture than the eye (without a metaphor) can speak, or the muscles utter intelligible sounds. But such is the instantaneous nature of the impressions which we take in at the eye and ear at a playhouse, compared with the slow apprehension oftentimes of the understanding in reading, that we are apt not only to sink the playwriter in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds in a perverse manner, the actor with the character which he represents. It is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disembarrass the idea of Hamlet from the person and voice of Mr K. We speak of Lady Macbeth, while we are in reality thinking of Mrs S. Nor is this confusion incidental alone to unlettered persons, who, not possessing the advantage of reading, are necessarily dependent upon the stage-player for all the pleasure which they can receive from the drama, and to whom

the very idea of *what an author is* cannot be made comprehensible without some pain and perplexity of mind: the error is one from which persons otherwise not meanly lettered, find it almost impossible to extricate themselves.

Never let me be so ungrateful as to forget the very high degree of satisfaction which I received some years back from seeing for the first time a tragedy of Shakspeare performed, in which these two great performers sustained the principal parts. It seemed to embody and realize conceptions which had hitherto assumed no distinct shape. But dearly do we pay all our life after for this juvenile pleasure, this sense of distinctness. When the novelty is past, we find to our cost that instead of realizing an idea, we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood. We have let go a dream, in quest of an unattainable substance.

How cruelly this operates upon the mind, to have its free conceptions thus crampt and pressed down to the measure of a strait-lacing actuality, may be judged from that delightful sensation of freshness, with which we turn to those plays of Shakspeare which have escaped being performed, and to those passages in the acting plays of the same writer which have happily been left out in performance. How far the very custom of hearing any thing *spouted*, withers and blows upon a fine passage, may be seen in those speeches from *Henry the Fifth*, &c. which are current in the mouths of school-boys from their being to be found in *Enfield Speakers*, and such kind of books. I confess myself utterly unable to appreciate that celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*, beginning 'To be or not to be,' or to tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men, and torn so inhumanly

from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, till it is become to me a perfect dead member.

It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakspeare are less calculated for performance on a stage, than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguished excellence is a reason that they should be so. There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture, have nothing to do.

The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes. scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to, they are the proper judges in this war of words, they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such 'intellectual prize-fighters.' Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in all the best dramas, and in Shakspeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form of *speaking*, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels written in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms in letter-writing, do we put up with in *Clarissa* and other

books, for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us.

But the practice of stage representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of Romeo and Juliet, those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night; the more intimate and sacred sweetness of nuptial colloquy between an Othello or a Posthumus with their married wives, all those delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in Paradise—

> As beseem'd
> Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league
> Alone:

by the inherent fault of stage representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as Imogen addresses to her lord, come drawling out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated Posthumus, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love.

The character of Hamlet is perhaps that by which, since the days of Betterton, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself, we find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflexions beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But Hamlet himself—

what does he suffer meanwhile by being dragged forth as a public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense, they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to *words* for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once? I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them *ore rotundo*, he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet.

It is true that there is no other mode of conveying a vast quantity of thought and feeling to a great portion of the audience, who otherwise would never earn it for themselves by reading, and the intellectual acquisition gained this way may, for aught I know, be inestimable; but I am not arguing that Hamlet should not be acted, but how much Hamlet is made another thing by being acted. I have heard much of the wonders which Garrick performed in this part; but as I never saw him, I must have leave to doubt whether the representation of such a character came within the province of his art. Those who tell me of

him, speak of his eye, of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice: physical properties, vastly desirable in an actor, and without which he can never insinuate meaning into an auditory,—but what have they to do with Hamlet? what have they to do with intellect? In fact, the things aimed at in theatrical representation, are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favourable hearing to what is spoken: it is not what the character is, but how he looks; not what he says, but how he speaks it. I see no reason to think that if the play of Hamlet were written over again by some such writer as Banks or Lillo, retaining the process of the story, but totally omitting all the poetry of it, all the divine features of Shakspeare, his stupendous intellect; and only taking care to give us enough of passionate dialogue, which Banks or Lillo were never at a loss to furnish; I see not how the effect could be much different upon an audience, nor how the actor has it in his power to represent Shakspeare to us differently from his representation of Banks or Lillo. Hamlet would still be a youthful accomplished prince, and must be gracefully personated; he might be puzzled in his mind, wavering in his conduct, seemingly-cruel to Ophelia, he might see a ghost, and start at it, and address it kindly when he found it to be his father; all this in the poorest and most homely language of the servilest creeper after nature that ever consulted the palate of an audience; without troubling Shakspeare for the matter: and I see not but there would be room for all the power which an actor has, to display itself. All the passions and changes of passion might remain: for those are much less difficult to write or act than is thought, it is a trick easy to be attained, it is but rising or falling a note or two in the voice, a whisper with a significant

foreboding look to announce its approach, and so contagious the counterfeit appearance of any emotion is, that let the words be what they will, the look and tone shall carry it off and make it pass for deep skill in the passions.

It is common for people to talk of Shakspeare's plays being *so natural;* that every body can understand him. They are natural indeed, they are grounded deep in nature, so deep that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say that George Barnwell is very natural, and Othello is very natural, that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit *a trifling peccadillo*, the murder of an uncle or so*, that is all, and so comes to an untimely end, which is *so moving;* and at the other, because a blackamoor in a fit of jealousy kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and

* If this note could hope to meet the eye of any of the Managers, I would intreat and beg of them, in the name of both the Galleries, that this insult upon the morality of the common people of London should cease to be eternally repeated in the holiday weeks. Why are the 'Prentices of this famous and well-governed city, instead of an amusement, to be treated over and over again with the nauseous sermon of George Barnwell? Why *at the end of their vistoes* are we to place the *gallows?* Were I an uncle, I should not much like a nephew of mine to have such an example placed before his eyes. It is really making uncle-murder too trivial to exhibit it as done upon such slight motives;—it is attributing too much to such characters as Millwood;—it is putting things into the heads of good young men, which they would never otherwise have dreamed of. Uncles that think any thing of their lives, should fairly petition the Chamberlain against it:

have thought the rope more due to Othello than to Barnwell. For of the texture of Othello's mind, the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love, they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies a-piece to look through the man's telescope in Leicester-fields, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see, they see an actor personating a passion, of grief, or anger, for instance, and they recognize it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; for at least as being true to *that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it*, for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy,—that common auditors know any thing of this, or can have any such notions dinned into them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs,—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm, I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind, which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very 'sphere of humanity,' he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds which only waited the application of

corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same.

To return to Hamlet.—Among the distinguishing features of that wonderful character, one of the most interesting (yet painful) is that soreness of mind which makes him treat the intrusions of Polonius with harshness, and that asperity which he puts on in his interviews with Ophelia. These tokens of an unhinged mind (if they be not mixed in the latter case with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do) are parts of his character, which to reconcile with our admiration of Hamlet, the most patient consideration of his situation is no more than necessary; they are what we *forgive afterwards*, and explain by the whole of his character, but *at the time* they are harsh and unpleasant. Yet such is the actor's necessity of giving strong blows to the audience, that I have never seen a player in this character, who did not exaggerate and strain to the utmost these ambiguous features,—these temporary deformities in the character. They make him express a vulgar scorn at Polonius which utterly degrades his gentility, and which no explanation can render palateable; they make him shew contempt, and curl up the nose at Ophelia's father,—contempt in its very grossest and most hateful form; but they get applause by it: it is natural, people say; that is, the words are scornful, and the actor expresses scorn, and that they can judge of: but why so much scorn, and of that sort, they never think of asking.

So to Ophelia.—All the Hamlets that I have ever seen, rant and rave at her as if she had committed

some great crime, and the audience are highly pleased, because the words of the part are satirical, and they are enforced by the strongest expression of satirical indignation of which the face and voice are capable. But then, whether Hamlet is likely to have put on such brutal appearances to a lady whom he loved so dearly, is never thought on. The truth is, that in all such deep affections as had subsisted between Hamlet and Ophelia, there is a stock of *supererogatory love* (if I may venture to use the expression) which in any great grief of heart, especially where that which preys upon the mind cannot be communicated, confers a kind of indulgence upon the grieved party to express itself, even to its heart's dearest object, in the language of a temporary alienation; but it is not alienation, it is a distraction purely, and so it always makes itself to be felt by that object: it is not anger, but grief assuming the appearance of anger,—love awkwardly counterfeiting hate, as sweet countenances when they try to frown: but such sternness and fierce disgust as Hamlet is made to shew, is no counterfeit, but the real face of absolute aversion,—of irreconcileable alienation. It may be said he puts on the madman; but then he should only so far put on this counterfeit lunacy as his own real distraction will give him leave; that is, incompletely, imperfectly; not in that confirmed practised way, like a master of his art, or, as Dame Quickly would say, 'like one of those harlotry players.'

I mean no disrespect to any actor, but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and, *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions.

And in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the *Gamester* and of *Macbeth* as fine stage performances, and praise the Mrs Beverley in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs S.? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was not he ambitious of shining in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills and the Murphys and the Browns—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a player:—

> Oh for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public custom breeds—
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand—

Or that other confession:—

> Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to thy view,
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear—

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players' vices,—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in

the exercise of his profession was jealous even of the women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks and stratagems and finesse: that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakspeare,—Shakspeare who, in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could with that noble modesty, which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:—

> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest;
> Desiring *this man's art, and that man's scope.*

I am almost disposed to deny to Garrick the merit of being an admirer of Shakspeare. A true lover of his excellencies he certainly was not; for would any true lover of them have admitted into his matchless scenes such ribald trash as Tate and Cibber, and the rest of them, that

> With their darkness durst affront his light,

have foisted into the acting plays of Shakspeare? I believe it impossible that he could have had a proper reverence for Shakspeare, and have condescended to go through that interpolated scene in *Richard the Third*, in which Richard tries to break his wife's heart by telling her he loves another woman, and says, 'if she survives this she is immortal.' Yet I doubt not he delivered this vulgar stuff with as much anxiety of emphasis as any of the genuine parts; and for acting, it is as well calculated as any. But we have seen the part of Richard lately produce great fame to an actor by his manner of playing it, and it lets us into the secret of acting, and of popular judgments of Shakspeare derived from acting. Not one of the spectators who have witnessed Mr C.'s

exertions in that part, but has come away with a proper conviction that Richard is a very wicked man, and kills little children in their beds, with something like the pleasure which the giants and ogres in children's books are represented to have taken in that practice; moreover, that he is very close and shrewd and devilish cunning, for you could see that by his eye.

But is in fact this the impression we have in reading the Richard of Shakspeare? Do we feel any thing like disgust, as we do at that butcher-like representation of him that passes for him on the stage? A horror at his crimes blends with the effect which we feel, but how is it qualified, how is it carried off, by the rich intellect which he displays, his resources, his wit, his buoyant spirits, his vast knowledge and insight into characters, the poetry of his part,—not an atom of all which is made perceivable in Mr C.'s way of acting it. Nothing but his crimes, his actions, is visible; they are prominent and staring; the murderer stands out, but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity,—the profound, the witty, accomplished Richard?

The truth is, the Characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters,—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago,—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope; he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or to take an in-

stance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon! Do we think of any thing but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas in corresponding characters in Shakspeare so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively every thing, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan,—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr K.'s performance of that part, the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence: it rather seems to belong to history,—to something past and inevitable, if it has any thing to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of

doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear, —we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old.' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it shew: it is too hard and stony;

it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station, —as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.

Lear is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage. But how many dramatic personages are there in Shakspeare, which though more tractable and feasible (if I may so speak) than Lear, yet from some circumstance, some adjunct to their character, are improper to be shewn to our bodily eye. Othello for instance. Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the nobler parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with *a coal-black Moor*—(for such he is represented, in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days, compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions, though the Moors are now well enough known to be by many shades less unworthy of a white woman's fancy)—it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the

imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's colour in his mind. But upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not over-weigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading;—and the reason it should do so is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives,—all that which is unseen,—to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices. What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of in reading is almost exclusively the mind, and its movements: and this I think may sufficiently account for the very different sort of delight with which the same play so often affects us in the reading and the seeing.

It requires little reflection to perceive, that if those characters in Shakspeare which are within the precincts of nature, have yet something in them which appeals too exclusively to the imagination, to admit of their being made objects to the senses without suffering a change and a diminution,—that still stronger the objection must lie against representing another line of characters, which Shakspeare has introduced to give a wildness and a supernatural elevation to his scenes, as if to remove them still farther from that assimilation to common life in which their excellence is vulgarly supposed to consist. When we read the incantations of those terrible

beings the Witches in *Macbeth*, though some of the ingredients of their hellish composition savour of the grotesque, yet is the effect upon us other than the most serious and appalling that can be imagined? Do we not feel spell-bound as Macbeth was? Can any mirth accompany a sense of their presence? We might as well laugh under a consciousness of the principle of Evil himself being truly and really present with us. But attempt to bring these beings on to a stage, and you turn them instantly into so many old women, that men and children are to laugh at. Contrary to the old saying, that 'seeing is believing,' the sight actually destroys the faith; and the mirth in which we indulge at their expense, when we see these creatures upon a stage, seems to be a sort of indemnification which we make to ourselves for the terror which they put us in when reading made them an object of belief,—when we surrendered up our reason to the poet, as children to their nurses and their elders; and we laugh at our fears, as children who thought they saw something in the dark, triumph when the bringing in of a candle discovers the vanity of their fears. For this exposure of supernatural agents upon a stage is truly bringing in a candle to expose their own delusiveness. It is the solitary taper and the book that generates a faith in these terrors: a ghost by chandelier light, and in good company, deceives no spectators,—a ghost that can be measured by the eye, and his human dimensions made out at leisure. The sight of a well-lighted house, and a well-dressed audience, shall arm the most nervous child against any apprehensions: as Tom Brown says of the impenetrable skin of Achilles with his impenetrable armour over it, 'Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantages.'

Much has been said, and deservedly, in reprobation

of the vile mixture which Dryden has thrown into the *Tempest*: doubtless without some such vicious alloy, the impure ears of that age would never have sate out to hear so much innocence of love as is contained in the sweet courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda. But is the *Tempest* of Shakspeare at all a subject for stage representation? It is one thing to read of an enchanter, and to believe the wondrous tale while we are reading it; but to have a conjuror brought before us in his conjuring-gown, with his spirits about him, which none but himself and some hundred of favoured spectators before the curtain are supposed to see, involves such a quantity of the *hateful incredible*, that all our reverence for the author cannot hinder us from perceiving such gross attempts upon the senses to be in the highest degree childish and inefficient. Spirits and fairies cannot be represented, they cannot even be painted,—they can only be believed. But the elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands, in these cases works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. That which in comedy, or plays of familiar life, adds so much to the life of the imitation, in plays which appeal to the higher faculties, positively destroys the illusion which it is introduced to aid. A parlour or a drawing-room,—a library opening into a garden,—a garden with an alcove in it,—a street, or the piazza of Covent-garden, does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it,—it is little more than reading at the top of a page, 'Scene, a Garden'; we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think by the help of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero, and his island and

his lonely cell*; or by the aid of a fiddle dexterously thrown in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full:—the Orrery Lecturer at the Haymarket might as well hope, by his musical glasses cleverly stationed out of sight behind his apparatus, to make us believe that we do indeed hear the chrystal spheres ring out that chime, which if it were to inwrap our fancy long, Milton thinks,

> Time would run back and fetch the age of gold,
> And speckled vanity
> Would sicken soon and die,
> And leprous Sin would melt from earthly mould;
> Yea Hell itself would pass away,
> And leave its dolorous mansions to the peering day.

The Garden of Eden, with our first parents in it, is not more impossible to be shewn on a stage, than the Enchanted Isle, with its no less interesting and innocent first settlers.

The subject of Scenery is closely connected with that of the Dresses, which are so anxiously attended to on our stage. I remember the last time I saw Macbeth played, the discrepancy I felt at the changes of garment which he varied,—the shiftings and re-shiftings, like a Romish priest at mass. The luxury of stage-improvements, and the importunity of the public eye, require this. The coronation robe of the Scottish monarch was fairly a counterpart to that which our King wears when he goes to the Parliament-house,—just so full and cumbersome, and set out with ermine and pearls. And if things must be

* It will be said these things are done in pictures. But pictures and scenes are very different things. Painting is a world of itself, but in scene-painting there is the attempt to deceive; and there is the discordancy, never to be got over, between painted scenes and real people.

represented, I see not what to find fault with in this. But in reading, what robe are we conscious of? Some dim images of royalty—a crown and sceptre, may float before our eyes, but who shall describe the fashion of it? Do we see in our mind's eye what Webb or any other robe-maker could pattern? This is the inevitable consequence of imitating every thing, to make all things natural. Whereas the reading of a tragedy is a fine abstraction. It presents to the fancy just so much of external appearances as to make us feel that we are among flesh and blood, while by far the greater and better part of our imagination is employed upon the thoughts and internal machinery of the character. But in acting, scenery, dress, the most contemptible things, call upon us to judge of their naturalness.

Perhaps it would be no bad similitude, to liken the pleasure which we take in seeing one of these fine plays acted, compared with that quiet delight which we find in the reading of it, to the different feelings with which a reviewer, and a man that is not a reviewer, reads a fine poem. The accursed critical habit,—the being called upon to judge and pronounce, must make it quite a different thing to the former. In seeing these plays acted, we are affected just as judges. When Hamlet compares the two pictures of Gertrude's first and second husband, who wants to see the pictures? But in the acting, a miniature must be lugged out; which we know not to be the picture, but only to shew how finely a miniature may be represented. This shewing of every thing, levels all things: it makes tricks, bows, and curtesies, of importance. Mrs S. never got more fame by any thing than by the manner in which she dismisses the guests in the banquet-scene in *Macbeth*: it is as much remembered as any of her thrilling tones or impressive

looks. But does such a trifle as this enter into the imaginations of the readers of that wild and wonderful scene? Does not the mind dismiss the feasters as rapidly as it can? Does it care about the gracefulness of the doing it? But by acting, and judging of acting, all these non-essentials are raised into an importance injurious to the main interest of the play.

I have confined my observations to the tragic parts of Shakspeare. It would be no very difficult task to extend the enquiry to his comedies; and to shew why Falstaff, Shallow, Sir Hugh Evans, and the rest, are equally incompatible with stage representation. The length to which this Essay has run, will make it, I am afraid, sufficiently distasteful to the Amateurs of the Theatre, without going any deeper into the subject at present.

EDAX ON APPETITE

To the Editor of The Reflector

Mr Reflector,—I am going to lay before you a case of the most iniquitous persecution that ever poor devil suffered.

You must know, then, that I have been visited with a calamity ever since my birth. How shall I mention it without offending delicacy? Yet out it must. My sufferings then have all arisen from a most inordinate appetite——

Not for wealth, not for vast possessions,—then might I have hoped to find a cure in some of those precepts of philosophers or poets,—those *verba et voces* which Horace speaks of:

quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem;

not for glory, not for fame, not for applause,—for against this disease, too, he tells us there are certain piacula, or, as Pope has chosen to render it,

> rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied,
> Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride;

nor yet for pleasure, properly so called: the strict and virtuous lessons which I received in early life from the best of parents,—a pious clergyman of the Church of England, now no more,—I trust have rendered me sufficiently secure on that side:——

No, Sir, for none of these things; but an appetite, in its coarsest and least metaphorical sense,—an appetite for *food*.

The exorbitances of my arrow-root and pap dish days I cannot go back far enough to remember, only I have been told, that my mother's constitution not admitting of my being nursed at home, the woman who had the care of me for that purpose used to make most extravagant demands for my pretended excesses in that kind; which my parents, rather than believe any thing unpleasant of me, chose to impute to the known covetousness and mercenary disposition of that sort of people. This blindness continued on their part after I was sent for home, up to the period when it was thought proper, on account of my advanced age, that I should mix with other boys more unreservedly than I had hitherto done. I was accordingly sent to boarding-school.

Here the melancholy truth became too apparent to be disguised. The prying republic of which a great school consists, soon found me out: there was no shifting the blame any longer upon other people's shoulders,—no good-natured maid to take upon herself the enormities of which I stood accused in the article of bread and butter, besides the crying sin of

stolen ends of puddings, and cold pies strangely missing. The truth was but too manifest in my looks,—in the evident signs of inanition which I exhibited after the fullest meals, in spite of the double allowance which my master was privately instructed by my kind parents to give me. The sense of the ridiculous, which is but too much alive in grown persons, is tenfold more active and alert in boys. Once detected, I was the constant butt of their arrows,—the mark against which every puny leveller directed his little shaft of scorn. The very Graduses and Thesauruses were raked for phrases to pelt me with by the tiny pedants. Ventri natus,—Ventri deditus,—Vesana gula,—Escarum gurges,—Dapibus indulgens,—Non dans frœna gulæ,—Sectans lautæ fercula mensæ, resounded wheresoever I past. I lead a weary life, suffering the penalties of guilt for that which was no crime, but only following the blameless dictates of nature. The remembrance of those childish reproaches haunts me yet oftentimes in my dreams. My school-days come again, and the horror I used to feel, when in some silent corner retired from the notice of my unfeeling playfellows, I have sat to mumble the solitary slice of gingerbread allotted me by the bounty of considerate friends, and have ached at heart because I could not spare a portion of it, as I saw other boys do, to some favourite boy;—for if I know my own heart, I was never selfish,—never possessed a luxury which I did not hasten to communicate to others; but my food, alas! was none; it was an indispensable necessary; I could as soon have spared the blood in my veins, as have parted that with my companions.

Well, no one stage of suffering lasts for ever: we should grow reconciled to it at length, I suppose, if it did. The miseries of my school-days had their

end; I was once more restored to the paternal dwelling. The affectionate solicitude of my parents was directed to the good-natured purpose of concealing even from myself the infirmity which haunted me. I was continually told that I was growing, and the appetite I displayed was humanely represented as being nothing more than a symptom and an effect of that. I used even to be complimented upon it. But this temporary fiction could not endure above a year or two. I ceased to grow, but alas! I did not cease my demands for alimentary sustenance.

Those times are long since past, and with them have ceased to exist the fond concealment,—the indulgent blindness, the delicate over-looking,—the compassionate fiction. I and my infirmity are left exposed and bare to the broad, unwinking eye of the world, which nothing can elude. My meals are scanned, my mouthfuls weighed in a balance: that which appetite demands, is set down to the account of gluttony,—a sin which my whole soul abhors, nay, which Nature herself has put it out of my power to commit. I am constitutionally disenabled from that vice; for how can he be guilty of excess, who never can get enough? Let them cease, then, to watch my plate; and leave off their ungracious comparisons of it to the seven baskets of fragments, and the supernaturally-replenished cup of old Baucis; and be thankful that their more phlegmatic stomachs, not their virtue, have saved them from the like reproaches. I do not see that any of them desist from eating till the holy rage of hunger, as some one calls it, is supplied. Alas! I am doomed to stop short of that continence.

What am I to do? I am by disposition inclined to conviviality, and the social meal. I am no gourmand: I require no dainties: I should despise the

board of Heliogabalus, except for its long sitting. Those vivacious, long-continued meals of the latter Romans, indeed I justly envy; but the kind of fare which the Curii and Dentati put up with, I could be content with. Dentatus I have been called, among other unsavory jests. Double-meal is another name which my acquaintance have palmed upon me, for an innocent piece of policy which I put in practice for some time without being found out; which was, —going the round of my friends, beginning with the most primitive feeders among them, who take their dinner about one o'clock, and so successively dropping in upon the next and the next, till by the time I got among my more fashionable intimates, whose hour was six or seven, I have nearly made up the body of a just and complete meal (as I reckon it) without taking more than one dinner (as they account of dinners) at one person's house. Since I have been found out, I endeavour to make up by a damper, as I call it, at home, before I go out. But alas! with me, increase of appetite truly grows by what it feeds on. What is peculiarly offensive to me at those dinner-parties is, the senseless custom of cheese, and the dessert afterwards. I have a rational antipathy to the former; and for fruit, and those other vain vegetable substitutes for meat (meat, the only legitimate aliment for human creatures since the flood, as I take it to be deduced from that permission, or ordinance rather, given to Noah and his descendants) I hold them in perfect contempt. Hay for Horses. I remember a pretty apologue, which Mandeville tells very much to this purpose in his Fable of the Bees:— He brings in a Lion arguing with a Merchant, who had ventured to expostulate with this king of beasts upon his violent methods of feeding. The lion thus retorts:—'Savage I am, but no Creature can be

called Cruel but what either by Malice or Insensibility extinguishes his natural Pity: The Lion was born without Compassion; we follow the instinct of our Nature; the Gods have appointed us to live upon the waste and spoil of other Animals, and as long as we can meet with dead ones, we never hunt after the Living. 'Tis only Man, mischievous Man, that can make Death a sport. Nature taught your stomach to crave nothing but Vegetables.'—(Under favour of the Lion, if he meant to assert this universally of mankind, it is not true. However, what he says presently is very sensible.)—'Your violent fondness to change, and greater eagerness after Novelties, have prompted you to the destruction of Animals without Justice or Necessity.... The Lion has a ferment within him, that consumes the toughest Skin and hardest Bones, as well as the Flesh of all Animals without exception: Your squeamish Stomach, in which the Digestive Heat is weak and inconsiderable, won't so much as admit of the most tender Parts of them, unless above half the Concoction has been performed by artificial Fire beforehand; and yet what Animal have you spared, to satisfy the Caprices of a languid Appetite? Languid I say; for what is Man's Hunger if compared to the Lion's? Yours, when it is at the worst, makes you Faint; mine makes me Mad: Oft have I tried with Roots and Herbs to allay the violence of it, but in vain; nothing but large quantities of Flesh can any wise appease it.'—Allowing for the Lion not having a prophetic instinct to take in every lusus naturæ that was possible of the human appetite, he was, generally speaking, in the right; and the Merchant was so impressed with his argument that, we are told, he replied not, but fainted away. O, Mr Reflector, that I were not obliged to add, that the creature who thus argues was but a

type of me! Miserable man! *I am that Lion.* 'Oft have I tried with roots and herbs to allay that violence, but in vain; nothing but——.'

Those tales which are renewed as often as the editors of papers want to fill up a space in their unfeeling columns, of great eaters,—people that devour whole geese and legs of mutton *for wagers*, are sometimes attempted to be drawn to a parallel with my case. This wilful confounding of motives and circumstances, which make all the difference of moral or immoral in actions, just suits the sort of talent which some of my acquaintance pride themselves upon. *Wagers!*—I thank heaven, I was never mercenary, nor could consent to prostitute a gift (though but a left-handed one) of nature, to the enlarging of my worldly substance; prudent as the necessities, which that fatal gift have involved me in, might have made such a prostitution to appear in the eyes of an indelicate world.

Rather let me say, that to the satisfaction of that talent which was given me, I have been content to sacrifice no common expectations; for such I had from an old lady, a near relation of our family, in whose good graces I had the fortune to stand, till one fatal evening——. You have seen, Mr Reflector, if you have ever passed your time much in country towns, the kind of suppers which elderly ladies in those places have lying in petto in an adjoining parlour, next to that where they are entertaining their periodically-invited coevals with cards and muffins. The cloth is usually spread some half-hour before the final rubber is decided, whence they adjourn to sup upon what may emphatically be called *nothing*. A sliver of ham, purposely contrived to be transparent to shew the china-dish through it, neighbouring a slip of invisible brawn, which abuts upon something

they call a tartlet, as that is bravely supported by an atom of marmalade, flanked in its turn by a grain of potted beef, with a power of such dishlings, *minims of hospitality*, spread in defiance of human nature, or rather with an utter ignorance of what it demands. Being engaged at one of these card-parties, I was obliged to go a little before *supper-time* (as they facetiously call the point of time in which they are taking these shadowy refections), and the old lady, with a sort of fear shining through the smile of courteous hospitality that beamed in her countenance, begged me to step into the next room and take something before I went out in the cold,—a proposal which lay not in my nature to deny. Indignant at the airy prospect I saw before me, I set to, and in a trice dispatched the whole meal intended for eleven persons,—fish, flesh, fowl, pastry,—to the sprigs of garnishing parsley, and the last fearful custard that quaked upon the board. I need not describe the consternation, when in due time the dowagers adjourned from their cards. Where was the supper?—and the servants' answer, Mr —— had eat it all.—That freak, however, jested me out of a good three hundred pounds a year, which I afterwards was informed for a certainty the old lady meant to leave me. I mention it not in illustration of the unhappy faculty which I am possessed of; for any unlucky wag of a school-boy, with a tolerable appetite, could have done as much without feeling any hurt after it,—only that you may judge whether I am a man likely to set my talent to sale, or to require the pitiful stimulus of a wager.

I have read in Pliny, or in some author of that stamp, of a reptile in Africa, whose venom is of that hot, destructive quality, that wheresoever it fastens its tooth, the whole substance of the animal that has

been bitten in a few seconds is reduced to dust, crumbles away, and absolutely disappears: it is called from this quality, the Annihilator. Why am I forced to seek, in all the most prodigious and portentous facts of Natural History, for creatures typical of myself? *I am that Snake, that Annihilator:* 'wherever I fasten, in a few seconds——.'

O happy sick men, that are groaning under the want of that very thing, the excess of which is my torment! O fortunate, too fortunate, if you knew your happiness, invalids! What would I not give to exchange this fierce concoctive and digestive heat,—this rabid fury which vexes me, which tears and torments me,—for your quiet, mortified, hermit-like, subdued, and sanctified stomachs,—your cool, chastened inclinations, and coy desires for food!

To what unhappy figuration of the parts intestine I owe this unnatural craving, I must leave to the anatomists and the physicians to determine: they, like the rest of the world, have doubtless their eye upon me; and as I have been cut up alive by the sarcasms of my friends, so I shudder when I contemplate the probability that this animal frame, when its restless appetites shall have ceased their importunity, may be cut up also (horrible suggestion!) to determine in what system of solids and fluids this original sin of my constitution lay lurking. What work will they make with their acids and alkalines, their serums and coagulums, effervescences, viscous matter, bile, chyle, and acrimonious juices, to explain that cause which Nature, who willed the effect to punish me for my sins, may no less have determined to keep in the dark from them, to punish them for their presumption.

You may ask, Mr Reflector, to what purpose is my appeal to you: what can you do for me? Alas! I

know too well that my case is out of the reach of advice,—out of the reach of consolation. But it is some relief to the wounded heart to impart its tale of misery; and some of my acquaintance, who may read my case in your pages under a borrowed name, may be induced to give it a more humane consideration than I could ever yet obtain from them under my own. Make them, if possible, to *reflect*, that an original peculiarity of constitution is no crime; that not that which goes into the mouth desecrates a man, but that which comes out of it,—such as sarcasm, bitter jests, mocks and taunts, and ill-natured observations; and let them consider, if there be such things (which we have all heard of) as Pious Treachery, Innocent Adultery, &c. whether there may not be also such a thing as Innocent Gluttony.

I shall only subscribe myself,

Your afflicted servant,

EDAX.

HOSPITA ON THE IMMODERATE INDULGENCE OF THE PLEASURES OF THE PALATE

[Composed 1811. Printed in *The Reflector*, No. IV (Oct.—Dec. 1811), Art. XIX. Reprinted in *Works*, 1818. Text unaltered.]

To the Editor of The Reflector

MR REFLECTOR,—My husband and I are fond of company, and being in easy circumstances, we are seldom without a party to dinner two or three days in a week. The utmost cordiality has hitherto prevailed at our meetings; but there is a young gentleman, a near relation of my husband's, that has lately

come among us, whose preposterous behaviour bids fair, if not timely checked, to disturb our tranquillity. He is too great a favourite with my husband in other respects, for me to remonstrate with him in any other than this distant way. A letter printed in your publication may catch his eye; for he is a great reader, and makes a point of seeing all the new things that come out. Indeed, he is by no means deficient in understanding. My husband says that he has a good deal of wit; but for my part I cannot say I am any judge of that, having seldom observed him open his mouth except for purposes very foreign to conversation. In short, Sir, this young gentleman's failing is, an immoderate indulgence of his palate. The first time he dined with us, he thought it necessary to extenuate the length of time he kept the dinner on the table, by declaring that he had taken a very long walk in the morning, and came in fasting; but as that excuse could not serve above once or twice at most, he has latterly dropped the mask altogether, and chosen to appear in his own proper colours without reserve or apology.

You cannot imagine how unpleasant his conduct has become. His way of staring at the dishes as they are brought in, has absolutely something immodest in it; it is like the stare of an impudent man of fashion at a fine woman, when she first comes into a room. I am positively in pain for the dishes, and cannot help thinking they have consciousness, and will be put out of countenance, he treats them so like what they are not.

Then again he makes no scruple of keeping a joint of meat on the table, after the cheese and fruit are brought in, till he has what he calls *done with it.* Now how awkward this looks, where there are ladies, you may judge, Mr Reflector,—how it disturbs the order

and comfort of a meal. And yet I always make a point of helping him first, contrary to all good manners,—before any of my female friends are helped,—that he may avoid this very error. I wish he would eat before he comes out.

What makes his proceedings more particularly offensive at our house is, that my husband, though out of common politeness he is obliged to set dishes of animal food before his visitors, yet himself and his whole family (myself included) feed entirely on vegetables. We have a theory, that animal food is neither wholesome nor natural to man; and even vegetables we refuse to eat until they have undergone the operation of fire, in consideration of those numberless little living creatures which the glass helps us to detect in every fibre of the plant or root before it be dressed. On the same theory we boil our water, which is our only drink, before we suffer it to come to table. Our children are perfect little Pythagoreans: it would do you good to see them in their nursery, stuffing their dried fruits, figs, raisins, and *milk*, which is the only approach to animal food which is allowed. They have no notion how the substance of a creature that ever had life can become food for another creature. A beef-steak is an absurdity to them; a mutton-chop, a solecism in terms; a cutlet, a word absolutely without any meaning; a butcher is nonsense, except so far as it is taken for a man who delights in blood, or a hero. In this happy state of innocence we have kept their minds, not allowing them to go into the kitchen, or to hear of any preparations for the dressing of animal food, or even to know that such things are practised. But as a state of ignorance is incompatible with a certain age; and as my eldest girl, who is ten years old next Midsummer, must shortly be introduced into the

world and sit at table with us, where she will see some things which will shock all her received notions, I have been endeavouring by little and little to break her mind, and prepare it for the disagreeable impressions which must be forced upon it. The first hint I gave her upon the subject, I could see her recoil from it with the same horror with which we listen to a tale of Anthropophagism; but she has gradually grown more reconciled to it in some measure, from my telling her that it was the custom of the world,—to which, however senseless, we must submit so far as we could do it with innocence, not to give offence; and she has shewn so much strength of mind on other occasions, which I have no doubt is owing to the calmness and serenity superinduced by her diet, that I am in good hopes, when the proper season for her *début* arrives, she may be brought to endure the sight of a roasted chicken or a dish of sweetbreads, for the first time, without fainting. Such being the nature of our little household, you may guess what inroads into the economy of it,—what revolutions and turnings of things upside down, the example of such a feeder as Mr —— is calculated to produce.

I wonder at a time like the present, when the scarcity of every kind of food is so painfully acknowledged, that *shame* has no effect upon him. Can he have read Mr Malthus's Thoughts on the Ratio of Food to Population? Can he think it reasonable that one man should consume the sustenance of many?

The young gentleman has an agreeable air and person, such as are not unlikely to recommend him on the score of matrimony. But his fortune is not over large; and what prudent young woman would think of embarking hers with a man who would bring three or four mouths (or what is equivalent to

them) into a family? She might as reasonably choose a widower in the same circumstances with three or four children.

I cannot think who he takes after. His father and mother, by all accounts, were very moderate eaters; only I have heard that the latter swallowed her victuals very fast, and the former had a tedious custom of sitting long at his meals. Perhaps he takes after both.

I wish you would turn this in your thoughts, Mr Reflector, and give us your ideas on the subject of excessive eating; and, particularly, of animal food.

HOSPITA.

THE GOOD CLERK, A CHARACTER; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF 'THE COMPLETE ENGLISH TRADESMAN'

[Composed 1811. Printed in *The Reflector*, No. IV (Oct.—Dec. 1811), Art. XXIII. First collected by Mr J. E. Babson, *Eliana*, 1864.]

THE GOOD CLERK.—He writeth a fair and swift hand, and is competently versed in the Four First Rules of Arithmetic, in the Rule of Three (which is sometimes called the Golden Rule) and in Practice. We mention these things, that we may leave no room for cavillers to say, that any thing essential hath been omitted in our definition; else, to speak the truth, these are but ordinary accomplishments, and such as every understrapper at a desk is commonly furnished with. The character we treat of soareth higher.

He is clean and neat in his person; not from a vainglorious desire of setting himself forth to advantage

in the eyes of the other sex (with which vanity too many of our young Sparks now-a-days are infected) but to do credit (as we say) to the office. For this reason he evermore taketh care that his desk or his books receive no soil; the which things he is commonly as solicitous to have fair and unblemished, as the owner of a fine horse is to have him appear in good keep.

He riseth early in the morning; not because early rising conduceth to health (though he doth not altogether despise that consideration) but chiefly to the intent that he may be first at the desk. There is his post, there he delighteth to be, unless when his meals, or necessity, calleth him away; which time he alway esteemeth as lost, and maketh as short as possible.

He is temperate in eating and drinking, that he may preserve a clear head and steady hand for his master's service. He is also partly induced to this observation of the rules of temperance by his respect for religion and the laws of his country; which things (it may once for all be noted) do add special assistances to his actions, but do not and cannot furnish the main spring or motive thereto. His first ambition (as appeareth all along) is to be a good Clerk, his next a good Christian, a good Patriot, &c.

Correspondent to this, he keepeth himself honest, not for fear of the laws, but because he hath observed how unseemly an article it maketh in the Day Book, or Ledger, when a sum is set down lost or missing; it being his pride to make these books to agree, and to tally, the one side with the other, with a sort of architectural symmetry and correspondence.

He marrieth, or marrieth not, as best suiteth with his employer's views. Some merchants do the rather desire to have married men in their Counting Houses,

because they think the married state a pledge for their servants' integrity, and an incitement to them to be industrious; and it was an observation of a late Lord Mayor of London, that the sons of Clerks do generally prove Clerks themselves, and that Merchants encouraging persons in their employ to marry, and to have families, was the best method of securing a breed of sober industrious young men attached to the mercantile interest. Be this as it may, such a character as we have been describing, will wait till the pleasure of his employer is known on this point; and regulateth his desires by the custom of the house or firm to which he belongeth.

He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his employ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which in a Counting House such as we have been supposing can be but small, he spendeth in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes unforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth:—

It's a slovenly look
To blot your book.

Or,

Red ink for ornament, black for use,
The best of things are open to abuse.

So upon the eve of any great holyday, of which he keepeth one or two at least every year, he will merrily

say in the hearing of a confidential friend, but to none other:—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

Or,

A bow always bent must crack at last.

But then this must always be understood to be spoken confidentially, and, as we say, *under the rose.*

Lastly, his dress is plain without singularity; with no other ornament than the quill, which is the badge of his function, stuck under the dexter ear, and this rather for convenience of having it at hand, when he hath been called away from his desk, and expecteth to resume his seat there again shortly, than from any delight which he taketh in foppery or ostentation. The colour of his clothes is generally noted to be black rather than brown, brown rather than blue or green. His whole deportment is staid, modest, and civil. His motto is Regularity.——

This Character was sketched, in an interval of business, to divert some of the melancholy hours of a Counting House. It is so little a creature of fancy, that it is scarce any thing more than a recollection of some of those frugal and economical maxims which, about the beginning of the last century, (England's meanest period), were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London Apprentices*, by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed *The Masters of mean Morals.* The astonishing narrowness and illiberality of the lessons contained in some of those books is inconceivable by those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to subscribe

* This term designated a larger class of young men than that to which it is now confined; it took in the articled Clerks of Merchants and Bankers, the George Barnwells of the day.

to the hard censure which Drayton has passed upon the mercantile spirit:—

> *The gripple merchant, born to be the curse*
> *Of this brave Isle.*

I have now lying before me that curious book by Daniel Defoe, 'The Complete English Tradesman.' The pompous detail, the studied analysis of every little mean art, every sneaking address, every trick and subterfuge (short of larceny) that is necessary to the tradesman's occupation, with the hundreds of anecdotes, dialogues (in Defoe's liveliest manner) interspersed, all tending to the same amiable purpose, namely, the sacrificing of every honest emotion of the soul to what he calls the main chance,—if you read it in an *ironical sense*, and as a piece of *covered satire*, make it one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever writ, as much so as any of his best novels. It is difficult to say what his intention was in writing it. It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book to narrow and to degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time, I certainly should have recommended to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, who presented the *Fable of the Bees*, to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency. I will give one specimen of his advice to the young Tradesman on the *Government of his Temper*. 'The retail tradesman in especial, and even every tradesman in his station, must furnish himself with a competent stock of patience; I mean that sort of patience which is needful to bear with all sorts of impertinence, and the most provoking curiosity that it is impossible to imagine the buyers,

even the worst of them, are or can be guilty of. *A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment;* he must never be angry, no not so much as seem to be so, if a customer tumbles him five hundred pounds worth of goods, and scarce bids money for any thing; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased, than they are, at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one, the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling, that *'tis his business to be ill used and resent nothing;* and so must answer as obligingly to those that give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing, as he does to those who in half the time lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain, and if some do give him trouble and do not buy, others make amends and do buy; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop.' Here follows a most admirable story of a mercer who, by his indefatigable meanness and more than Socratic patience under affronts, overcame and reconciled a lady, who upon the report of another lady that he had behaved saucily to some third lady, had determined to shun his shop, but by the over-persuasions of a fourth lady was induced to go to it; which she does, declaring before-hand that she will buy nothing, but give him all the trouble she can. Her attack and his defence, her insolence and his persevering patience, are described in colours worthy of a Mandeville; but it is too long to recite. 'The short inference from this long discourse (says he) is this, that here you see, and I could give you many examples like this, how and in what manner a shop-keeper is to behave himself in the way of his business; what impertinences, what taunts, flouts, and ridicu-

lous things, he must bear in his trade, and must not shew the least return, or the least signal of disgust: he must have no passions, no fire in his temper; he must be all soft and smooth; nay, if his real temper be naturally fiery and hot, he must shew none of it in his shop; he must be a perfect *complete hypocrite* if he will be a *complete tradesman**. It is true, natural tempers are not to be always counterfeited; the man cannot easily be a lamb in his shop, and a lion in himself; but let it be easy or hard, it must be done, and is done: there are men who have by custom and usage brought themselves to it, that nothing could be meeker and milder than they, when behind the counter, and yet nothing be more furious and raging in every other part of life; nay the provocations they have met with in their shops have so irritated their rage, that they would go up stairs from their shop, and fall into frenzies, and a kind of madness, and beat their heads against the wall, and perhaps mischief themselves, if not prevented, till the violence of it had gotten vent, and the passions abate and cool. I heard once of a shop-keeper that behaved himself thus to such an extreme, that when he was provoked by the impertinence of the customers, beyond what his temper could bear, he would go up stairs and beat his wife, kick his children about like dogs, and be as furious for two or three minutes, as a man chained down in Bedlam; and again, when that heat was over, would sit down and cry faster than the children he had abused; and after the fit, he would go down into the shop again, and be as humble, courteous, and as calm as any man whatever; so absolute a government of his passions had he in the shop and so little out of it: in the shop, a soul-less

* As no qualification accompanies this maxim, it must be understood as the genuine sentiment of the Author!

animal that would resent nothing; and in the family a madman: in the shop, meek like a lamb; but in the family, outrageous like a Libyan lion. The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all the ways possible to his business; *his customers are to be his idols: so far as he may worship idols by allowance, he is to bow down to them, and worship them;* at least he is not in any way to displease them, or shew any disgust or distaste whatsoever they may say or do; the bottom of all is, that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender, so the seller is servant to the buyer.' —What he says on the head of *Pleasures and Recreations* is not less amusing:—'The tradesman's pleasure should be in his business, his companions should be his books (he means his Ledger, Waste-book, &c.) and if he has a family, he makes *his excursions up stairs and no further:*—none of my cautions aim at restraining a tradesman from diverting himself, as we call it, with his fireside, or keeping company with his wife and children.'—Liberal allowance; nay, almost licentious and criminal indulgence!—but it is time to dismiss this *Philosopher of Meanness.* More of this stuff would illiberalize the pages of the *Reflector.* Was the man in earnest, when he could bring such powers of description, and all the charms of natural eloquence, in commendation of the meanest, vilest, wretchedest degradations of the human character?—Or did he not rather laugh in his sleeve at the doctrines which he inculcated, and retorting upon the grave Citizens of London their own arts, palm upon them a sample of disguised Satire under the name of wholesome Instruction? L. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

To comfort the desponding parent with the thought that, without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of our nature, he has disposed of one or more perhaps out of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of a care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but that mental *pabulum* is also dispensed, which HE hath declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance, who said, that 'not by bread alone man can live'; for this Christ's Hospital unfolds her bounty. Here neither, on the one hand, are the youth lifted up above their family, which we must suppose liberal though reduced; nor, on the other hand, are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments which a common charity-school generates. It is, in a word, an Institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could even have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.

This is Christ's Hospital; and whether its character would be improved by confining its advantages

to the very lowest of the people, let those judge who have witnessed the looks, the gestures, the behaviour, the manner of their play with one another, their deportment towards strangers, the whole aspect and physiognomy of that vast assemblage of boys on the London foundation, who freshen and make alive again with their sports the else mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars—which strangers who have never witnessed, if they pass through Newgate-street, or by Smithfield, would do well to go a little out of their way to see.

For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect, and even kindness, which his well known garb never fails to procure him in the streets of the metropolis; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to procure, attainments which it would be worse than folly to put it in the reach of the labouring classes to acquire: he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him, in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps; in his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom*; above all, in the very extent and magnitude

* By Verrio, representing James the Second on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers (all curious portraits) receiving the mathematical pupils at their annual presentation, a custom still kept up on New-year's-day at Court.

of the body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combining members. Compared with this last-named advantage, what is the stock of information (I do not here speak of book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school?

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differencing him from the former; and there is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt-acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by over-

hastily mixing with common and secular play-fellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let any one laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule any thing unusual in dress—above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat boy. That it is neither pride nor rusticity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys: he may be sure of an answer couched in terms of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a parish-boy, or to one of the trencher-caps in the —— cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate any more than the certain servility, and mercenary eye to reward, which he will meet with in the other, can fail to depress and sadden him.

The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation; it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession. This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. That is not wonderful, when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which must circulate, with undisturbed credulity, amongst so many boys, that have so few checks to their belief from any intercourse with the world at large; upon whom their equals in age must work so much, their elders so little. With this leaning towards an overbelief in matters of religion, which will soon correct itself when he comes out into society, may be classed a turn for romance above most other boys. This is to

be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other, and defect of mingling with the world. Hence the peculiar avidity with which such books as the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and other of a still wilder cast, are, or at least were in my time, sought for by the boys. I remember when some half-dozen of them set off from school, without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island*.

The Christ's Hospital boy's sense of right and wrong is peculiarly tender and apprehensive. It is even apt to run out into ceremonial observances, and to impose a yoke upon itself beyond the strict obligations of the moral law. Those who were contemporaries with me at that School thirty years ago, will remember with what more than Judaic rigour the eating of the fat of certain boiled meats* was interdicted. A boy would have blushed, as at the exposure of some heinous immorality, to have been detected eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same, or even greater, refinement, was shewn in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet-cake. What gave rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances, I could never learn; they† certainly argue no defect of the conscientious principle. A little excess in that article is

* Under the denomination of *gags*.

† I am told that the late steward, Mr Hathaway, who evinced on many occasions a most praiseworthy anxiety to promote the comfort of the boys, had occasion for all his address and perseverance to eradicate the first of these unfortunate prejudices, in which he at length happily succeeded, and thereby restored to one-half of the animal nutrition of the school those honors which painful superstition and blind zeal had so long conspired to withhold from it.

not undesirable in youth, to make allowance for the inevitable waste which comes in maturer years. But in the less ambiguous line of duty, in those directions of the moral feelings which cannot be mistaken or depreciated, I will relate what took place in the year 1785, when Mr Perry, the steward, died. I must be pardoned for taking my instances from my own times. Indeed, the vividness of my recollections, while I am upon this subject, almost brings back those times; they are present to me still. But I believe that in the years which have elapsed since the period which I speak of, the character of the Christ's Hospital boy is very little changed. Their situation in point of many comforts is improved; but that which I ventured before to term the *public conscience* of the school, the pervading moral sense, of which every mind partakes, and to which so many individual minds contribute, remains, I believe, pretty much the same as when I left it. I have seen within this twelvemonth almost the change which has been produced upon a boy of eight or nine years of age, upon being admitted into that school; how, from a pert young coxcomb, who thought that all knowledge was comprehended within his shallow brains, because a smattering of two or three languages and one or two sciences were stuffed into him by injudicious treatment at home, by a mixture with the wholesome society of so many schoolfellows, in less time than I have spoken of, he has sunk to his own level, and is contented to be carried on in the quiet orb of modest self-knowledge in which the common mass of that unpresumptuous assemblage of boys seem to move: from being a little unfeeling mortal, he has got to feel and reflect. Nor would it be a difficult matter to shew how, at a school like this, where the boy is neither entirely separated

from home, nor yet exclusively under its influence, the best feelings, the filial for instance, are brought to a maturity which they could not have attained under a completely domestic education; how the relation of parent is rendered less tender by unremitted association, and the very awfulness of age is best apprehended by some sojourning amidst the comparative levity of youth; how absence, not drawn out by too great extension into alienation or forgetfulness, puts an edge upon the relish of occasional intercourse, and the boy is made the better *child* by that which keeps the force of that relation from being felt as perpetually pressing on him; how the substituted paternity, into the care of which he is adopted, while in everything substantial it makes up for the natural, in the necessary omission of individual fondnesses and partialities, directs the mind only the more strongly to appreciate that natural and first tie, in which such weaknesses are the bond of strength, and the appetite which craves after them betrays no perverse palate. But these speculations rather belong to the question of the comparative advantages of a public over a private education in general. I must get back to my favourite school; and to that which took place when our old and good steward died.

And I will say, that when I think of the frequent instances which I have met with in children, of a hard-heartedness, a callousness, and insensibility to the loss of relations, even of those who have begot and nourished them, I cannot but consider it as a proof of something in the peculiar conformation of that school, favourable to the expansion of the best feelings of our nature, that, at the period which I am noticing, out of five hundred boys there was not a dry eye to be found among them, nor a heart that

did not beat with genuine emotion. Every impulse to play, until the funeral day was past, seemed suspended throughout the school; and the boys, lately so mirthful and sprightly, were seen pacing their cloisters alone, or in sad groupes standing about, few of them without some token, such as their slender means could provide, a black ribband, or something to denote respect and a sense of their loss. The time itself was a time of anarchy, a time in which all authority (out of school-hours) was abandoned. The ordinary restraints were for those days superseded; and the gates, which at other times kept us in, were left without watchers. Yet, with the exception of one or two graceless boys at most, who took advantage of that suspension of authority to *skulk out*, as it was called, the whole body of that great school kept rigorously within their bounds, by a voluntary self-imprisonment; and they who broke bounds, though they escaped punishment from any master, fell into a general disrepute among us, and, for that which at any other time would have been applauded and admired as a mark of spirit, were consigned to infamy and reprobation: so much *natural government* have gratitude and the principles of reverence and love, and so much did a respect to their dead friend prevail with these Christ's Hospital boys above any fear which his presence among them when living could ever produce. And if the impressions which were made on my mind so long ago are to be trusted, very richly did their steward deserve this tribute. It is a pleasure to me even now to call to mind his portly form, the regal awe which he always contrived to inspire, in spite of a tenderness and even weakness of nature that would have enfeebled the reins of discipline in any other master; a yearning of tenderness towards those under his protection, which could make five

hundred boys at once feel towards him each as to their individual father. He had faults, with which we had nothing to do; but, with all his faults, indeed, Mr Perry was a most extraordinary creature. Contemporary with him, and still living, though he has long since resigned his occupation, will it be impertinent to mention the name of our excellent upper grammar-master, the Rev. James Boyer? He was a disciplinarian, indeed, of a different stamp from him whom I have just described; but, now the terrors of the rod, and of a temper a little too hasty to leave the more nervous of us quite at our ease to do justice to his merits in those days, are long since over, ungrateful were we if we should refuse our testimony to that unwearied assiduity with which he attended to the particular improvement of each of us. Had we been the offspring of the first gentry in the land, he could not have been instigated by the strongest views of recompense and reward to have made himself a greater slave to the most laborious of all occupations than he did for us sons of charity, from whom, or from our parents, he could expect nothing. He has had his reward in the satisfaction of having discharged his duty, in the pleasurable consciousness of having advanced the respectability of that institution to which, both man and boy, he was attached; in the honours to which so many of his pupils have successfully aspired at both our Universities; and in the staff with which the Governors of the Hospital at the close of his hard labours, with the highest expressions of the obligations the school lay under to him unanimously voted to present him.

I have often considered it among the felicities of the constitution of this school, that the offices of steward and schoolmaster are kept distinct; the strict business of education alone devolving upon the

latter, while the former has the charge of all things out of school, the controul of the provisions, the regulation of meals, of dress, of play, and the ordinary intercourse of the boys. By this division of management, a superior respectability must attach to the teacher while his office is unmixed with any of these lower concerns. A still greater advantage over the construction of common boarding-schools is to be found in the settled salaries of the masters, rendering them totally free of obligation to any individual pupil or his parents. This never fails to have its effect at schools where each boy can reckon up to a hair what profit the master derives from him, where he views him every day in the light of a caterer, a provider for the family, who is to get so much by him in each of his meals. Boys will see and consider these things; and how much must the sacred character of preceptor suffer in their minds by these degrading associations! The very bill which the pupil carries home with him at Christmas, eked out, perhaps, with elaborate though necessary minuteness, instructs him that his teachers have other ends than the mere love to learning in the lessons which they give him; and though they put into his hands the fine sayings of Seneca or Epictetus, yet they themselves are none of those disinterested pedagogues to teach philosophy *gratis*. The master, too, is sensible that he is seen in this light; and how much this must lessen that affectionate regard to the learners which alone can sweeten the bitter labour of instruction, and convert the whole business into unwelcome and uninteresting taskwork, many preceptors that I have conversed with on the subject are ready, with a sad heart, to acknowledge. From this inconvenience the settled salaries of the masters of this school in great measure exempt them; while the happy custom of

chusing masters (indeed every officer of the establishment) from those who have received their education there, gives them an interest in advancing the character of the school, and binds them to observe a tenderness and a respect to the children, in which a stranger, feeling that independence which I have spoken of, might well be expected to fail.

In affectionate recollections of the place where he was bred up, in hearty recognitions of old schoolfellows met with again after the lapse of years, or in foreign countries, the Christ's Hospital boy yields to none; I might almost say, he goes beyond most other boys. The very compass and magnitude of the school, its thousand bearings, the space it takes up in the imagination beyond the ordinary schools, impresses a remembrance, accompanied with an elevation of mind, that attends him through life. It is too big, too affecting an object, to pass away quickly from his mind. The Christ's Hospital boy's friends at school are commonly his intimates through life. For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance, compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then. I belong to no *body corporate* such as I then made a part of.—And here, before I close, taking leave of the general reader, and addressing myself solely to my old schoolfellows, that were contemporaries with me from the year 1782 to 1789, let me have leave to remember some of those circumstances of our school, which they will not be unwilling to have brought back to their minds.

And first, let us remember, as first in importance in our childish eyes, the young men (as they almost

were) who, under the denomination of *Grecians*, were waiting the expiration of the period when they should be sent, at the charges of the Hospital, to one or other of our Universities, but more frequently to Cambridge. These youths, from their superior acquirements, their superior age and stature, and the fewness of their numbers (for seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order) drew the eyes of all, and especially of the younger boys, into a reverent observance and admiration. How tall they used to seem to us!—how stately would they pace along the cloisters!—while the play of the lesser boys was absolutely suspended, or its boisterousness at least allayed, at their presence! Not that they ever beat or struck the boys—that would have been to have demeaned themselves—the dignity of their persons alone insured them all respect. The task of blows, of corporal chastisement, they left to the common monitors, or heads of wards, who, it must be confessed, in our time had rather too much licence allowed them to oppress and misuse their inferiors; and the interference of the Grecian, who may be considered as the spiritual power, was not unfrequently called for, to mitigate by its mediation the heavy unrelenting arm of this temporal power, or monitor. In fine, the Grecians were the solemn Muftis of the school. Æras were computed from their time;—it used to be said, such or such a thing was done when S—— or T—— was Grecian.

As I ventured to call the Grecians the Muftis of the school, the king's boys*, as their character then was, may well pass for the Janisaries. They were the terror of all the other boys; bred up under that hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician, and co-

* The mathematical pupils, bred up to the sea, on the foundation of Charles the Second.

navigator with Captain Cook, William Wales. All his systems were adapted to fit them for the rough element which they were destined to encounter. Frequent and severe punishments, which were expected to be borne with more than Spartan fortitude, came to be considered less as inflictions of disgrace than as trials of obstinate endurance. To make his boys hardy, and to give them early sailor-habits, seemed to be his only aim; to this every thing was subordinate. Moral obliquities, indeed, were sure of receiving their full recompense, for no occasion of laying on the lash was ever let slip; but the effects expected to be produced from it were something very different from contrition or mortification. There was in William Wales a perpetual fund of humour, a constant glee about him, which, heightened by an inveterate provincialism of North-country dialect, absolutely took away the sting from his severities. His punishments were a game at patience, in which the master was not always worst contented when he found himself at times overcome by his pupil. What success this discipline had, or how the effects of it operated upon the after-lives of these king's boys, I cannot say: but I am sure that, for the time, they were absolute nuisances to the rest of the school. Hardy, brutal, and often wicked, they were the most graceless lump in the whole mass; older and bigger than the other boys (for, by the system of their education they were kept longer at school by two or three years than any of the rest, except the Grecians) they were a constant terror to the younger part of the school; and some who may read this, I doubt not, will remember the consternation into which the juvenile fry of us were thrown, when the cry was raised in the cloisters, that *the First Order was coming* —for so they termed the first form or class of those

boys. Still these sea-boys answered some good purposes in the school. They were the military class among the boys, foremost in athletic exercises, who extended the fame of the prowess of the school far and near; and the apprentices in the vicinage, and sometimes the butchers' boys in the neighbouring market, had sad occasion to attest their valour.

The time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all those circumstances, some pleasant, some attended with some pain, which, seen through the mist of distance, come sweetly softened to the memory. But I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leap-frog, and basting the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits at other times to the Tower, where, by antient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civil pleasantries of the dispensing Aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately suppings in public, where the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly, than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St Matthew's day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up, among those who had done honour to our school by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished

critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem chanted in the solemn cloisters, upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some schoolfellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the old boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands, and own-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town-girdles, with buckles of silver, or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings of the monitors; the medals of the markers (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening) which bore on their obverse in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried in meaner metal, the countenance of our Founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropt as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer

and Ridley—fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction.

> But, ah! what means the silent tear?
> Why, e'en mid joy, my bosom heave?
> Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
> Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.
>
> ——Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
> And bear away the bloom of years!
> And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
> Of doubts and sorrows, pains and tears!
>
> Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
> Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man*.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS

> Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
> Infelix Theseus. VIRGIL.

THAT there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. I may safely appeal to my readers, whether they ever knew one of that faculty that was not of a temperament, to say the least, far removed from mercurial or jovial.

Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation. 'Walk, that I may know thee.'

Do you ever see him go whistling along the footpath like a carman, or brush through a crowd like a

* Lines meditated in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, in the *Poetics* of Mr George Dyer.

baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover? Is he forward to thrust into mobs, or to make one at the ballad-singer's audiences? Does he not rather slink by assemblies and meetings of the people, as one that wisely declines popular observation?

How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor!

'At my nativity,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me.' One would think that he were anatomizing a tailor! save that to the latter's occupation, methinks, a woollen planet would seem more consonant, and that he should be born when the sun was in Aries.—He goes on. 'I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company.' How true a type of the whole trade! Eminently economical of his words, you shall seldom hear a jest come from one of them. He sometimes furnishes subject for a repartee, but rarely (I think) contributes one *ore proprio*.

Drink itself does not seem to elevate him, or at least to call out of him any of the external indications of vanity. I cannot say that it never causes his pride to swell, but it never breaks out. I am even fearful that it may swell and rankle to an alarming degree inwardly. For pride is near of kin to melancholy;—a hurtful obstruction from the ordinary outlets of vanity being shut. It is this stoppage which engenders proud humours. Therefore a tailor may be proud. I think he is never vain. The display of his gaudy patterns in that book of his which emulates the rainbow, never raises any inflations of that emotion in him, corresponding to what the wig-maker (for instance) evinces, when he expatiates on a curl or a bit of hair. He spreads them forth with a sullen

incapacity for pleasure, a real or affected indifference to grandeur. Cloth of gold neither seems to elate, nor cloth of frize to depress him—according to the beautiful motto which formed the modest imprese of the shield worn by Charles Brandon at his marriage with the king's sister. Nay, I doubt whether he would discover any vainglorious complacence in his colours, though 'Iris' herself 'dipt the woof.'

In further corroboration of this argument—who ever saw the wedding of a tailor announced in the newspapers, or the birth of his eldest son?

When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to shine in any such light and airy pastimes? to sing, or play on the violin?

Do they much care for public rejoicings, lightings up, ringing of bells, firing of cannons, &c.?

Valiant I know they can be; but I appeal to those who were witnesses to the exploits of Eliot's famous troop, whether in their fiercest charges they betrayed any thing of that thoughtless oblivion of death with which a Frenchman jigs into battle, or whether they did not shew more of the melancholy valour of the Spaniard, upon whom they charged; that deliberate courage which contemplation and sedentary habits breathe?

Are they often great newsmongers?—I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians; but that light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world, which makes the barber* such delightful company, I think is rarely observable in them.

* Having incidentally mentioned the barber, in a comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and

This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady, from the *hypochondriacal* or *windy* to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. 'I have neither the scholar's melancholy (saith Jacques), which is emulation; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is politick; nor the lover's, which is all these':—and then, when you might expect him to have brought in, 'nor the tailor's, which is so and so'—he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

Milton likewise has omitted it, where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of

social graces which 'gladden life,' I esteem no profession comparable to his. Indeed so great is the good-will which I bear to this useful and agreeable body of men, that, residing in one of the Inns of Court (where the best specimens of them are to be found, except perhaps at the universities) there are seven of them to whom I am personally known, and who never pass me without the compliment of the hat on either side. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr A——m, of Flower-de-luce-court, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never spent a quarter of an hour under his hands without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions, which are always going on there.

the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain *seriousness* (to say no more of it), may in the order of things have been intended to be impressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom in all ages the care of contriving the human apparel has been entrusted,—to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities, which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabbalistic language of his order, is said to have *certain melancholy regions* always open under his feet.—But waiving further enquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.,

The sedentary habits of the tailor.—

Something peculiar in his diet.—

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Dr Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr John Dennis, the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it came 'by criticism'; to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never read of, Dennis (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it: and that the other was a pretty doctor not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably prac-

tised only while he was writing his 'remarks,' is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner over-clouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, insomuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos, *sitting crosslegged to hinder the birth of their own felicity.* The legs transversed thus ⋈ cross-wise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his *diet.*—To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled 'Bad diet a cause of melancholy.' 'Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect.* lib. 3, cap. 6, of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, lib. 2, cap. 1, *animæ gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul.' I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known that this last-named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

BURTON, *Junior.*

THE GENTLE GIANTESS

THE widow Blacket, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding.—But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than to the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors, in north and south direction, and two windows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point, catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught.

That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ache, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in ordinary resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching I have traversed with her many scores of acres on these well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and ******'s college—some litigation latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in ******'s—where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both those Foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation

times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods); or stray Master of Arts (to most of them she is better known than their dinner bell); with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gownsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maudlin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and ungently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bulfinch, while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out

a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six foot high. She languisheth—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelburg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers—whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest, and largest of thy sex, adieu! by what parting attribute may I salute thee—last and best of the Titanesses—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood—not least, or least handsome, among Oxford's stately structures—Oxford, who, in its deadest time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.

ELIA.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED

To the Editor of The London Magazine

DEAR SIR,—I send you a bantering Epistle to an Old Gentleman whose Education is supposed to have been Neglected. Of course, it was *suggested* by some Letters of your admirable Opium-Eater; the discontinuance of which has caused so much regret to myself in common with most of your readers. You will do me injustice by supposing, that in the remotest degree it was my intention to ridicule those Papers. The fact is, the most serious things may give rise to an innocent burlesque; and the more serious

they are, the fitter they become for that purpose. It is not to be supposed, that Charles Cotton did not entertain a very high regard for Virgil, notwithstanding he travestied that Poet. Yourself can testify the deep respect I have always held for the profound learning and penetrating genius of our friend. Nothing upon earth would give me greater pleasure than to find that he has not lost sight of his entertaining and instructive purpose.

I am, dear Sir, yours and *his* sincerely,

ELIA.

MY DEAR SIR,—The question which you have done me the honour to propose to me, through the medium of our common friend Mr Grierson, I shall endeavour to answer with as much exactness as a limited observation and experience can warrant.

You ask—or rather, Mr Grierson in his own interesting language asks for you—'Whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet at first sight amounts to, by dint of persevering application, and good masters,—a docile and ingenuous disposition on the part of the pupil always pre-supposed—may hope to arrive, within a presumable number of years, at that degree of attainments, which shall entitle the possessor to the character, which you are on so many accounts justly desirous of acquiring, of a *learned man.*'

This is fairly and candidly stated,—only I could wish that on one point you had been a little more explicit. In the mean time, I will take it for granted, that by a 'knowledge of the alphabetic characters,' you confine your meaning to the single powers only, as you are silent on the subject of the diphthongs, and harder combinations.

Why truly, Sir, when I consider the vast circle of sciences—it is not here worth while to trouble you with the distinction between learning and science—which a man must be understood to have made the tour of in these days, before the world will be willing to concede to him the title which you aspire to, I am almost disposed to reply to your inquiry by a direct answer in the negative.

However, where all cannot be compassed, a great deal that is truly valuable may be accomplished. I am unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius; but I must not in fairness conceal from you, that you have much to do. The consciousness of difficulty is sometimes a spur to exertion. Rome—or rather, my dear Sir, to borrow an illustration from a place, as yet more familiar to you—Rumford—Rumford—was not built in a day.

Your mind as yet, give me leave to tell you, is in the state of a sheet of white paper. We must not blot or blur it over too hastily. Or, to use an opposite simile, it is like a piece of parchment all be-scrawled and be-scribbled over with characters of no sense or import, which we must carefully erase and remove, before we can make way for the authentic characters or impresses, which are to be substituted in their stead by the corrective hand of science.

Your mind, my dear Sir, again resembles that same parchment, which we will suppose a little hardened by time and disuse. We may apply the characters, but are we sure that the ink will sink?

You are in the condition of a traveller, that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed—for you have already lost your way.

You have much to learn, which you have never

been taught; and more, I fear, to unlearn, which you have been taught erroneously. You have hitherto, I dare say, imagined, that the sun moves round the earth. When you shall have mastered the true solar system, you will have quite a different theory upon that point, I assure you. I mention but this instance. Your own experience, as knowledge advances, will furnish you with many parallels.

I can scarcely approve of the intention, which Mr Grierson informs me you had contemplated, of entering yourself at a common seminary, and working your way up from the lower to the higher forms with the children. I see more to admire in the modesty, than in the expediency, of such a resolution. I own I cannot reconcile myself to the spectacle of a gentleman at your time of life seated, as must be your case at first, below a Tyro of four or five—for at that early age the rudiments of education usually commence in this country. I doubt whether more might not be lost in the point of fitness, than would be gained in the advantages which you propose to yourself by this scheme.

You say, you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is no where to be had but at a public school; that you should be more sensible of your progress by comparing it with the daily progress of those around you. But have you considered the nature of emulation; and how it is sustained at those tender years, which you would have to come in competition with? I am afraid you are dreaming of academic prizes and distinctions. Alas! in the university, for which you are preparing, the highest medal would be a silver penny, and you must graduate in nuts and oranges.

I know that Peter, the Great Czar—or Emperor—of Muscovy, submitted himself to the discipline of a

dockyard at Deptford, that he might learn, and convey to his countrymen, the noble art of shipbuilding. You are old enough to remember him, or at least to talk about him. I call to mind also other great princes, who, to instruct themselves in the theory and practice of war, and set an example of subordination to their subjects, have condescended to enrol themselves as private soldiers; and, passing through the successive ranks of corporal, quartermaster, and the rest, have served their way up to the station, at which most princes are willing enough to set out—of General and Commander-in-Chief over their own forces. But—besides that there is oftentimes great sham and pretence in their show of mock humility—the competition which they stooped to was with their co-evals, however inferior to them in birth. Between ages so very disparate, as those which you contemplate, I fear there can no salutary emulation subsist.

Again, in the other alternative, could you submit to the ordinary reproofs and discipline of a day-school? Could you bear to be corrected for your faults? Or how would it look to see you put to stand, as must be the case sometimes, in a corner?

I am afraid the idea of a public school in your circumstances must be given up.

But is it impossible, my dear Sir, to find some person of your own age—if of the other sex, the more agreeable perhaps—whose information, like your own, has rather lagged behind their years, who should be willing to set out from the same point with yourself, to undergo the same tasks—thus at once inciting and sweetening each other's labours in a sort of friendly rivalry. Such a one, I think, it would not be difficult to find in some of the western parts of this island—about Dartmoor for instance.

Or what if, from your own estate—that estate which, unexpectedly acquired so late in life, has inspired into you this generous thirst after knowledge, you were to select some elderly peasant, that might best be spared from the land; to come and begin his education with you, that you might till, as it were, your minds together—one, whose heavier progress might invite, without a fear of discouraging, your emulation? We might then see—starting from an equal post—the difference of the clownish and the gentle blood.

A private education then, or such a one as I have been describing, being determined on, we must in the next place look out for a preceptor:—for it will be some time before either of you, left to yourselves, will be able to assist the other to any great purpose in his studies.

And now, my dear Sir, if in describing such a tutor as I have imagined for you, I use a style a little above the familiar one in which I have hitherto chosen to address you, the nature of the subject must be my apology. *Difficile est de scientiis inscienter loqui*, which is as much as to say that 'in treating of scientific matters it is difficult to avoid the use of scientific terms.' But I shall endeavour to be as plain as possible. I am not going to present you with the *ideal* of a pedagogue, as it may exist in my fancy, or has possibly been realized in the persons of Buchanan and Busby. Something less than perfection will serve our turn. The scheme which I propose in this first or introductory letter has reference to the first four or five years of your education only; and in enumerating the qualifications of him that should undertake the direction of your studies, I shall rather point out the *minimum*, or *least*, that I shall require of him, than trouble you in the search of

attainments neither common nor necessary to our immediate purpose.

He should be a man of deep and extensive knowledge. So much at least is indispensable. Something older than yourself, I could wish him, because years add reverence.

To his age and great learning, he should be blest with a temper and a patience, willing to accommodate itself to the imperfections of the slowest and meanest capacities. Such a one in former days Mr Hartlib appears to have been, and such in our days I take Mr Grierson to be; but our friend, you know, unhappily has other engagements. I do not demand a consummate grammarian; but he must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accentualities and punctualities of modern Saxon, or English. He must be competently instructed (or how shall he instruct you?) in the tetralogy, or first four rules, upon which not only arithmetic, but geometry, and the pure mathematics themselves, are grounded. I do not require that he should have measured the globe with Cook, or Ortelius, but it is desirable that he should have a general knowledge (I do not mean a very nice or pedantic one) of the great division of the earth into four parts, so as to teach you readily to name the quarters. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points, or hinges, upon which those invisible phenomena, which naturalists agree to term *winds*, do perpetually shift and turn. He must instruct you, in imitation of the old Orphic fragments (the mention of which has possibly escaped you) in numeric and harmonious responses, to deliver the number of solar revolutions, within which each of

the twelve periods, into which the *Annus Vulgaris*, or common year, is divided, doth usually complete and terminate itself. The intercalaries, and other subtle problems, he will do well to omit, till riper years, and course of study, shall have rendered you more capable thereof. He must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—*for it is a globe*—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, &c. to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce, dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the meekest man, that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce. Leaving the dialects of men (in one of which I shall take leave to suppose you by this time at least superficially instituted), you will learn to ascend with him to the contemplation of that unarticulated language, which was before the written tongue; and, with the aid of the elder Phrygian or Æsopic key, to interpret the sounds by which the animal tribes communicate their minds—evolving moral instruction with delight from the dialogue of cocks, dogs, and foxes. Or marrying theology with verse, from whose mixture a beautiful and healthy offspring may be expected, in your own native accents (but purified) you will keep time together to the profound harpings of the more modern or Wattsian hymnics.

Thus far I have ventured to conduct you to a 'hill-side, whence you may discern the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every

side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming*.'

With my best respects to Mr Grierson, when you see him,

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

ELIA.

April 1, 1823.

GUY FAUX

A VERY ingenious and subtle writer, whom there is good reason for suspecting to be an ex-Jesuit, not unknown at Douay some five-and-twenty years since (he will not obtrude himself at M——th again in a hurry) about a twelvemonth back, set himself to prove the character of the Powder Plot conspirators to have been that of heroic self-devotedness and true Christian martyrdom. Under the mask of Protestant candour, he actually gained admission for his treatise into a London weekly paper, not particularly distinguished for its zeal towards either religion. But, admitting Catholic principles, his arguments are shrewd and incontrovertible. He says—

Guy Faux was a fanatic, but he was no hypocrite. He ranks among *good haters*. He was cruel, bloody-minded, reckless of all considerations but those of an infuriated and bigoted faith; but he was a true son of the Catholic Church, a martyr and a confessor, for all that. He who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. He may be guilty of the worst practices, but he is capable of the greatest. He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue. The hero of the Gunpowder-Plot was, if you will, a fool, a madman, an assassin; call him what names you please: still he was neither knave

* Milton's Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr Hartlib.

nor coward. He did not propose to blow up the Parliament and come off, scot-free, himself; he showed that he valued his own life no more than theirs in such a cause—where the integrity of the Catholic faith and the salvation of perhaps millions of souls was at stake. He did not call it a murder, but a sacrifice which he was about to achieve: he was armed with the Holy Spirit and with fire; he was the Church's chosen servant and her blessed martyr. He comforted himself as 'the best of cut-throats.' How many wretches are there who would have undertaken to do what he intended for a sum of money, if they could have got off with impunity! How few are there who would have put themselves in Guy Faux's situation to save the universe! Yet in the latter case we affect to be thrown into greater consternation than at the most unredeemed acts of villany, as if the absolute disinterestedness of the motive doubled the horror of the deed! The cowardice and selfishness of mankind are in fact shocked at the consequences to themselves (if such examples are held up for imitation), and they make a fearful outcry against the violation of every principle of morality, lest they too should be called on for any such tremendous sacrifices—lest they in their turn should have to go on the forlorn hope of extra-official duty. *Charity begins at home*, is a maxim that prevails as well in the courts of conscience as in those of prudence. We would be thought to shudder at the consequences of crime to others, while we tremble for them to ourselves. We talk of the dark and cowardly assassin; and this is well, when an individual shrinks from the face of an enemy, and purchases his own safety by striking a blow in the dark: but how the charge of cowardly can be applied to the public assassin, who, in the very act of destroying another, lays down his life as the pledge and forfeit of his sincerity and boldness, I am at a loss to devise. There may be barbarous prejudice, rooted hatred, unprincipled treachery, in such an act; but he who resolves to take all the danger and odium upon himself, can no more be branded with cowardice, than Regulus devoting himself for his country, or Codrus leaping into the fiery gulf. A wily Father Inquisitor, coolly and with plenary authority condemning hundreds of helpless, unoffending victims, to the flames or to the horrors of a living tomb, while he himself would not suffer a hair of his head to be hurt, is to me a character without any qualifying trait in it. Again; the Spanish conqueror and hero, the favourite of his monarch, who enticed thirty thousand poor Mexicans into a large open

building, under promise of strict faith and cordial good-will, and then set fire to it, making sport of the cries and agonies of these deluded creatures, is an instance of uniting the most hardened cruelty with the most heartless selfishness. His plea was keeping no faith with heretics: this was Guy Faux's too; but I am sure at least that the latter kept faith with himself: he was in earnest in his professions. *His* was not gay, wanton, unfeeling depravity; he did not murder in sport; it was serious work that he had taken in hand. To see this arch-bigot, this heart-whole traitor, this pale miner in the infernal regions, skulking in his retreat with his cloak and dark lanthorn, moving cautiously about among his barrels of gunpowder loaded with death, but not yet ripe for destruction, regardless of the lives of others, and more than indifferent to his own, presents a picture of the strange infatuation of the human understanding, but not of the depravity of the human will, without an equal. There were thousands of pious Papists privy to and ready to applaud the deed when done:—there was no one but our old fifth-of-November friend, who still flutters in rags and straw on the occasion, that had the courage to attempt it. In him stern duty and unshaken faith prevailed over natural frailty.

It is impossible, upon Catholic principles, not to admit the force of this reasoning; we can only not help smiling (with the writer) at the simplicity of the gulled editor, swallowing the dregs of Loyola for the very quintessence of sublimated reason in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century. We will just, as a contrast, shew what we Protestants (who are a party concerned) thought upon the same subject, at a period rather nearer to the heroic project in question.

The Gunpowder Treason was the subject which called forth the earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. When he preached the Sermon on that anniversary, which is printed at the end of the folio edition of his Sermons, he was a young man just commencing his ministry, under the auspices of Archbishop Laud. From the

learning, and maturest oratory, which it manifests, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by time into a Bishop and Father of the Church.—'And, really, these *Romano-barbari* could never pretend to any precedent for an act so barbarous as theirs. Adramelech, indeed, killed a king, but he spared the people; Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king; but that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and rush and root, should die at once (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head), was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as in a centre. The Sicilian evensong, the matins of St Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but καπνοῦ σκιᾶς ὄναρ, the dream of the shadow of smoke, if compared with this great fire. *In tam occupato sæculo fabulas vulgares nequitia non invenit.* This was a busy age; Herostratus must have invented a more sublimed malice than the burning of one temple, or not have been so much as spoke of since the discovery of the powder treason. But I must make more haste, I shall not else climb the sublimity of this impiety. Nero was sometimes the *populare odium*, was popularly hated, and deserved it too, for he slew his master, and his wife, and all his family, once or twice over,—opened his mother's womb,—fired the city, laughed at it, slandered the Christians for it; but yet all these were but *principia malorum*, the very first rudiments of evil. Add, then, to these, Herod's master-piece at Ramah, as it was deciphered by the tears and sad threnes of the matrons in an universal mourning for the loss of their pretty infants; yet this of Herod will prove but an infant wickedness, and that of Nero the evil but of one city. I would willingly have

found out an example, but see I cannot; should I put into the scale the extract of all the old tyrants famous in antique stories,—

> Bistonii stabulum regis, Busiridis aras,
> Antiphatæ mensas, et Taurica regna Thoantis;—

should I take for true story the highest cruelty as it was fancied by the most hieroglyphical Egyptian, this alone would weigh them down, as if the Alps were put in a scale against the dust of a balance. For had this accursed treason prospered, we should have had the whole kingdom mourn for the inestimable loss of its chiefest glory, its life, its present joy, and all its very hopes for the future. For such was their destined malice, that they would not only have inflicted so cruel a blow, but have made it incurable, by cutting off our supplies of joy, the whole succession of the Line Royal. Not only the vine itself, but all the *gemmulæ*, and the tender olive branches, should either have been bent to their intentions, and made to grow crooked, or else been broken.

'And now, after such a sublimity of malice, I will not instance in the sacrilegious ruins of the neighbouring temples, which needs must have perished in the flame,—nor in the disturbing the ashes of our intombed kings, devouring their dead ruins like sepulchral dogs,—these are but minutes, in respect of the ruin prepared for the living temples:—

> Stragem sed istam non tulit
> Christus cadentum Principum
> Impune, ne forsan sui
> Patris periret fabrica.
> Ergo quæ poterit lingua retexere
> Laudes, Christe, tuas, qui domitum struis
> Infidum populum cum Duce perfido!'

In such strains of eloquent indignation did Jeremy Taylor's young oratory inveigh against that stu-

pendous attempt, which he truly says had no parallel in ancient or modern times. A century and a half of European crimes has elapsed since he made the assertion, and his position remains in its strength. He wrote near the time in which the nefarious project had like to have been completed. Men's minds still were shuddering from the recentness of the escape. It must have been within his memory, or have been sounded in his ears so young by his parents, that he would seem, in his maturer years, to have remembered it. No wonder then that he describes it in words that burn. But to us, to whom the tradition has come slowly down, and has had time to cool, the story of Guido Vaux sounds rather like a tale, a fable, and an invention, than true history. It supposes such gigantic audacity of daring, combined with such more than infantile stupidity in the motive,—such a combination of the fiend and the monkey,—that credulity is almost swallowed up in contemplating the singularity of the attempt. It has accordingly, in some degree, shared the fate of fiction. It is familiarized to us in a kind of serio-ludicrous way, like the story of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Valentine and Orson*. The way which we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance is well adapted to keep up this fabular notion. Boys go about the streets annually with a beggarly scarecrow dressed up, which is to be burnt, indeed, at night, with holy zeal; but, meantime, they beg a penny for *poor Guy:* this periodical petition, which we have heard from our infancy,—combined with the dress and appearance of the effigy, so well calculated to move compassion, —has the effect of quite removing from our fancy the horrid circumstances of the story which is thus commemorated; and in *poor Guy* vainly should we try to recognize any of the features of that tre-

mendous madman in iniquity, Guido Vaux, with his horrid crew of accomplices, that sought to emulate earthquakes and bursting volcanoes in their more than mortal mischief.

Indeed, the whole ceremony of burning Guy Faux, or *the Pope*, as he is indifferently called, is a sort of *Treason Travestie*, and admirably adapted to lower our feelings upon this memorable subject. The printers of the little duodecimo *Prayer Book*, printed by T. Baskett*, in 1749, which has the effigy of his sacred Majesty George II piously prefixed, have illustrated the service (a very fine one in itself) which is appointed for the Anniversary of this Day, with a print, which it is not very easy to describe, but the contents appear to be these:—The scene is a room, I conjecture, in the king's palace. Two persons,—one of whom I take to be James himself, from his wearing his hat while the other stands bareheaded,—are intently surveying a sort of speculum, or magic mirror, which stands upon a pedestal in the midst of the room, in which a little figure of Guy Faux with his dark lantern approaching the door of the Parliament House is made discernible by the light proceeding from a *great eye* which shines in from the topmost corner of the apartment, by which eye the pious artist no doubt meant to designate Providence. On the other side of the mirror, is a figure doing something, which puzzled me when a child, and continues to puzzle me now. The best I can make of it is, that it is a conspirator busy laying

* The same, I presume, upon whom the clergyman in the song of the *Vicar and Moses*, not without judgment, passes this memorable censure—

Here, Moses, the King:—
'Tis a scandalous thing
That this Baskett should print for the Crown.

the train,—but then, why is he represented in the king's chamber?—Conjecture upon so fantastical a design is vain, and I only notice the print as being one of the earliest graphic representations which woke my childhood into wonder, and doubtless combined with the mummery before-mentioned, to take off the edge of that horror which the naked historical mention of Guido's conspiracy could not have failed of exciting.

Now that so many years are past since that abominable machination was happily frustrated, it will not, I hope, be considered a profane sporting with the subject, if we take no very serious survey of the consequences that would have flowed from this plot if it had had a successful issue. The first thing that strikes us, in a selfish point of view, is the material change which it must have produced in the course of the nobility. All the ancient peerage being extinguished, as it was intended, at one blow, the *Red-Book* must have been closed for ever, or a new race of peers must have been created to supply the deficiency; as the first part of this dilemma is a deal too shocking to think of, what a fund of mouth-watering reflections does this give rise to in the breasts of us plebeians of A.D. 1823. Why you or I, reader, might have been Duke of —— or Earl of ——: I particularize no titles, to avoid the least suspicion of intention to usurp the dignities of the two noblemen whom I have in my eye:—but a feeling more dignified than envy sometimes excites a sigh, when I think how the posterity of Guido's Legion of Honour (among whom you or I might have been) might have rolled down 'dulcified,' as Burke expresses it, 'by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring*.'

* Letter to a Noble Lord.

What new orders of merit, think you, this English Napoleon would have chosen? Knights of the Barrel, or Lords of the Tub, Grand Almoners of the Cellar, or Ministers of Explosion. We should have given the Train *couchant*, and the Fire *rampant* in our arms; we should have quartered the dozen white matches in our coats;—the Shallows would have been nothing to us.

Turning away from these mortifying reflections, let us contemplate its effects upon the *other house*, for they were all to have gone together,—King, Lords, Commons.——

To assist our imagination, let us take leave to suppose,—and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy,—to suppose that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days;—we better know what a House of Commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss;—let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the United Members sitting in full conclave above—Faux just ready with his train and matches below; in his hand a 'reed tipt with fire'—he applies the fatal engine——

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose some lucky dog of a reporter, who had escaped by miracle upon some plank of St Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighbouring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen (*quorum pars magna fuit*) for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*,—we can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these:—

'A *Motion* was put and carried, That this House do *adjourn:* That the Speaker do *quit the Chair*. The House ROSE amid clamours for Order.'

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount,—the Chair first, and then the benches, and first the Treasury Bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion; the Members, as it were, pairing off; Whigs and Tories taking their friendly apotheosis together, (as they did their sandwiches below in Bellamy's room). Fancy, in her flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators, she sees the awful seat of order mounting till it becomes finally fixed a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's chair,—the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls. St Peter, at Heaven's wicket,—no, not St Peter,—St Stephen, with open arms, receives his own.—

While Fancy beholds these celestial appropriations, Reason, no less pleased, discerns the mighty benefit which so complete a renovation must produce below. Let the most determined foe to corruption, the most thorough-paced redresser of abuses, try to conceive a more absolute purification of the House than this was calculated to produce;—why, Pride's Purge was nothing to it;—the whole borough-mongering system would have been got rid of, fairly *exploded;*—with it, the senseless distinctions of party must have disappeared; faction must have vanished; corruption have expired in air. From Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake, some new Alfred would have convened, in all its purity, the primitive Wittenagemot,—fixed upon a basis of property or population, permanent as the poles——

From this dream of universal restitution, Reason and Fancy with difficulty awake to view the real

state of things. But, blessed be Heaven, St Stephen's walls are yet standing, all her seats firmly secured; nay, some have doubted (since the Septennial Act) whether gunpowder itself, or any thing short of a *Committee above stairs*, would be able to shake any one member from his seat;—that great and final improvement to the Abbey, which is all that seems wanting,—the removing Westminster-hall and its appendages, and letting in the view of the Thames,—must not be expected in our days. Dismissing, therefore, all such speculations as mere tales of a tub, it is the duty of every honest Englishman to endeavour, by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the *lantern* to the dark places of corruption; to apply the *match* to the rotten parts of the system only; and to wrap himself up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm, honest *cloak* of integrity and patriotic intention.

ELIA.

NUGÆ CRITICÆ

ON A PASSAGE IN 'THE TEMPEST'

[Printed in *The London Magazine*, vol. VIII, p. 492 (Nov. 1823). First collected by Mr J. E. Babson, *Eliana*, 1864.]

As long as I can remember the play of the *Tempest*, one passage in it has always set me upon wondering. It has puzzled me beyond measure. In vain I strove to find the meaning of it. I seemed doomed to cherish infinite hopeless curiosity.

It is where Prospero, relating the banishment of Sycorax from Argier, adds—

> —For one thing that she did
> They would not take her life—

how have I pondered over this, when a boy! how have I longed for some authentic memoir of the witch to clear up the obscurity!—Was the story extant in the Chronicles of Algiers? Could I get at it by some fortunate introduction to the Algerine ambassador? Was a voyage thither practicable? The Spectator (I knew) went to Grand Cairo, only to measure a pyramid. Was not the object of my quest of at least as much importance?—The blue-eyed hag —could *she* have done any thing good or meritorious? might that Succubus relent? then might there be hope for the devil. I have often admired since, that none of the commentators have boggled at this passage—how they could swallow this camel—such a tantalising piece of obscurity, such an abortion of an anecdote.

At length I think I have lighted upon a clue, which may lead to shew what was passing in the mind of Shakspeare when he dropped this imperfect rumour. In the 'accurate description of Africa, by John Ogilby (Folio), 1670,' page 230, I find written, as follows. The marginal title to the narrative is—

CHARLES THE FIFTH BESIEGES ALGIER

In the last place, we will briefly give an Account of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, when he besieged this City; and of the great Loss he suffer'd therein.

This Prince in the Year One thousand five hundred forty one, having Embarqued upon the Sea an Army of Twenty two thousand Men aboard Eighteen Gallies, and an hundred tall Ships, not counting the Barques and Shallops, and other small Boats, in which he had engaged the principal of the *Spanish* and *Italian* Nobility, with a good number of the Knights of *Maltha*; he was to Land on the Coast of *Barbary*, at a Cape call'd *Matifou*. From this place unto the City of *Algier* a flat Shore or Strand extends itself for about four Leagues, the which is exceeding favourable to Gallies. There he put ashore with his Army, and in a few days caused a

Fortress to be built, which unto this day is call'd *The Castle of the Emperor*.

In the mean time the City of *Algier* took the Alarm, having in it at that time but Eight hundred *Turks*, and Six thousand *Moors*, poor-spirited men, and unexercised in Martial affairs; besides it was at that time Fortifi'd onely with Walls, and had no Out-works: Insomuch that by reason of its weakness, and the great Forces of the Emperour, it could not in appearance escape taking. In fine, it was Attaqued with such Order, that the Army came up to the very Gates, where the *Chevalier de Sauignac*, a *Frenchman* by Nation, made himself remarkable above all the rest, by the miracles of his Valour. For having repulsed the *Turks*, who having made a Sally at the Gate call'd *Babason*, and there desiring to enter along with them, when he saw that they shut the Gate upon him, he ran his Ponyard into the same, and left it sticking deep therein. They next fell to Battering the City by the Force of Cannon; which the Assailants so weakened, that in that great extremity the Defendants lost their Courage, and resolved to surrender.

But as they were thus intending, there was a Witch of the Town, whom the History doth not name, which went to seek out *Assam Aga*, that Commanded within, and pray'd him to make it good yet nine Days longer, with assurance, that within that time he should infallibly see *Algier* delivered from that Siege, and the whole Army of the Enemy dispersed, so that *Christians* should be as cheap as Birds. In a word, the thing did happen in the manner as foretold; for upon the Twenty first day of *October* in the same Year, there fell a continual Rain upon the Land, and so furious a Storm at Sea, that one might have seen Ships hoisted into the Clouds, and in one instant again precipitated into the bottom of the Water: insomuch that that same dreadful Tempest was followed with the loss of fifteen Gallies, and above an hundred other Vessels; which was the cause why the Emperour, seeing his Army wasted by the bad Weather, pursued by a Famine, occasioned by wrack of his Ships, in which was the greatest part of his Victuals and Ammunition, he was constrain'd to raise the Siege, and set Sail for *Sicily*, whither he Retreated with the miserable Reliques of his Fleet.

In the mean time that Witch, being acknowledged the Deliverer of *Algier*, was richly remunerated, and the Credit of her Charms authorized. So that ever since Witchcraft hath been very freely tolerated; of which the Chief of the Town, and even those who are esteem'd to be of greatest

Sanctity among them, such as are the Marabou's, a Religious Order of their Sect, do for the most part make Profession of it, under a goodly Pretext of certain Revelations which they say they have had from their Prophet *Mahomet*.

And hereupon those of *Algier*, to palliate the shame and the reproaches that are thrown upon them for making use of a Witch in the danger of this Siege, do say, that the loss of the Forces of *Charles V* was caused by a Prayer of one of their *Marabou's*, named *Cidy Utica*, which was at that time in great Credit, not under the notion of a *Magitian*, but for a person of a holy life. Afterwards in remembrance of their success, they have erected unto him a small mosque without the *Babason* Gate, where he is buried, and in which they keep sundry Lamps burning in honour of him: nay they sometimes repair thither to make their *Sala*, for a testimony of greater Veneration.

Can it be doubted for a moment, that the dramatist had come fresh from reading some *older narrative* of this deliverance of Algier by a witch, and transferred the merit of the deed to his Sycorax, exchanging only the 'rich remuneration,' which did not suit his purpose, to the simple pardon of her life? Ogilby wrote in 1670; but the authorities to which he refers for his Account of Barbary are—Johannes de Leo, or Africanus—Louis Marmol—Diego de Haedo—Johannes Gramaye—Bræves—Cel. Curio—and Diego de Torres—names totally unknown to me—and to which I beg leave to refer the curious reader for his fuller satisfaction.

L.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEFUNCT*

Nought but a blank remains, a dead void space,
A step of life that promised such a race.—DRYDEN.

NAPOLEON has now sent us back from the grave sufficient echoes of his living renown: the twilight of posthumous fame has lingered long enough over the spot where the sun of his glory set, and his name must at length repose in the silence, if not in the darkness of night. In this busy and evanescent scene, other spirits of the age are rapidly snatched away, claiming our undivided sympathies and regrets, until in turn they yield to some newer and more absorbing grief. Another name is now added to the list of the mighty departed, a name whose influence upon the hopes and fears, the fates and fortunes of our countrymen, has rivalled, and perhaps eclipsed that of the defunct 'child and champion of Jacobinism,' while it is associated with all the sanctions of legitimate government, all the sacred authorities of social order and our most holy religion. We speak of one, indeed, under whose warrant heavy and incessant contributions were imposed upon our fellow-citizens, but who exacted nothing without the signet and the sign manual of most devout Chancellors of the Exchequer. Not to dally longer with the sympathies of our readers, we think it right to premonish

* Since writing this article, we have been informed that the object of our funeral-oration is not definitively dead, but only moribund. So much the better; we shall have an opportunity of granting the request made to Walter by one of the children in the wood, and 'kill him two times.' The Abbé de Vertot having a siege to write, and not receiving the materials in time, composed the whole from his invention: shortly after its completion, the expected documents arrived, when he threw them aside, exclaiming—'You are of no use to me now; I have carried the town.'

them that we are composing an epicedium upon no less distinguished a personage than the Lottery, whose last breath, after many penultimate puffs, has been sobbed forth by sorrowing contractors, as if the world itself were about to be converted into a blank. There is a fashion of eulogy, as well as of vituperation; and though the Lottery stood for some time in the latter predicament, we hesitate not to assert that '*multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*' Never have we joined in the senseless clamour which condemned the only tax whereto we became voluntary contributors, the only resource which gave the stimulus without the danger or infatuation of gambling, the only alembic which in these plodding days sublimised our imaginations, and filled them with more delicious dreams than ever flitted athwart the sensorium of Alnaschar.

Never can the writer forget when, as a child, he was hoisted upon a servant's shoulder in Guildhall, and looked down upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing Lottery. The two awful cabinets of iron, upon whose massy and mysterious portals the royal initials were gorgeously emblazoned, as if after having deposited the unfulfilled prophecies within, the King himself had turned the lock and still retained the key in his pocket;—the bluecoat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recess for a ticket;—the grave and reverend faces of the commissioners eyeing the announced number;—the scribes below calmly committing it to their huge books;—the anxious countenances of the surrounding populace, while the giant figures of Gog and Magog, like presiding deities, looked down with a grim silence upon the whole proceeding,—constituted altogether a scene, which combined with the sudden

wealth supposed to be lavished from those inscrutable wheels, was well calculated to impress the imagination of a boy with reverence and amazement. Jupiter, seated between the two fatal urns of good and evil, the blind Goddess with her cornucopia, the Parcæ wielding the distaff, the thread of life, and the abhorred shears, seemed but dim and shadowy abstractions of mythology, when I had gazed upon an assemblage exercising, as I dreamt, a not less eventful power, and all presented to me in palpable and living operation. Reason and experience, ever at their old spiteful work of catching and destroying the bubbles which youth delighted to follow, have indeed dissipated much of this illusion, but my mind so far retained the influence of that early impression, that I have ever since continued to deposit my humble offerings at its shrine whenever the ministers of the Lottery went forth with type and trumpet to announce its periodical dispensations; and though nothing has been doled out to me from its undiscerning coffers but blanks, or those more vexatious tantalizers of the spirit, denominated small prizes, yet do I hold myself largely indebted to this most generous diffuser of universal happiness. Ingrates that we are! are we to be thankful for no benefits that are not palpable to sense, to recognise no favours that are not of marketable value, to acknowledge no wealth unless it can be counted with the five fingers? If we admit the mind to be the sole depositary of genuine joy, where is the bosom that has not been elevated into a temporary elysium by the magic of the Lottery? Which of us has not converted his ticket, or even his sixteenth share of one, into a nest-egg of Hope, upon which he has sate brooding in the secret roosting-places of his heart, and hatched it into a thousand fantastical apparitions?

What a startling revelation of the passions if all the aspirations engendered by the Lottery could be made manifest! Many an impecuniary epicure has gloated over his locked-up warrant for future wealth, as a means of realising the dream of his namesake in the *Alchemist*,—

> My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
> Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
> With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies;
> The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels
> Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolved in pearl,
> (Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy;)
> And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
> Headed with diamant and carbuncle.——
> My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,
> Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have
> The beards of barbels served:—instead of salads
> Oil'd mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps
> Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
> Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce,
> For which I'll say unto my cook—'There's gold,
> Go forth, and be a knight!'

Many a doating lover has kissed the scrap of paper whose promissory shower of gold was to give up to him his otherwise unattainable Danaë: Nimrods have transformed the same narrow symbol into a saddle, by which they have been enabled to bestride the backs of peerless hunters; while nymphs have metamorphosed its Protean form into

> Rings, gaudes, conceits,
> Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,

and all the braveries of dress, to say nothing of the obsequious husband, the two-footman'd carriage, and the opera-box. By the simple charm of this numbered and printed rag, gamesters have, for a time at least, recovered their losses, spendthrifts have cleared off mortgages from their estates. the imprisoned debtor has leapt over his lofty boundary of circumscription and restraint, and revelled in all the

joys of liberty and fortune; the cottage-walls have swelled out into more goodly proportions than those of Baucis and Philemon; poverty has tasted the luxuries of competence, labour has lolled at ease in a perpetual arm-chair of idleness, sickness has been bribed into banishment, life has been invested with new charms, and death deprived of its former terrors. Nor have the affections been less gratified than the wants, appetites, and ambitions of mankind. By the conjurations of the same potent spell, kindred have lavished anticipated benefits upon one another, and charity upon all. Let it be termed a delusion; a fool's paradise is better than the wise man's Tartarus: be it branded as an Ignis fatuus, it was at least a benevolent one, which instead of beguiling its followers into swamps, caverns, and pitfalls, allured them on with all the blandishments of enchantment to a garden of Eden, an ever-blooming elysium of delight. True, the pleasures it bestowed were evanescent, but which of our joys are permanent? and who so inexperienced as not to know that anticipation is always of higher relish than reality, which strikes a balance both in our sufferings and enjoyments. 'The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear,' and fruition, in the same proportion, invariably falls short of hope. 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' who may amuse themselves for a long time in gazing at the reflection of the moon in the water, but, if they jump in to grasp it, they may grope for ever, and only get the farther from their object. He is the wisest who keeps feeding upon the future, and refrains as long as possible from undeceiving himself, by converting his pleasant speculations into disagreeable certainties.

The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed enquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which

intervening period he had an imaginary twenty thousand locked up in his desk,—and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? '*Crede quod habes, et habes,*' and the usufruct of such a capital is surely not dear at such a price. Some years ago, a gentleman in passing along Cheapside saw the figures 1069, of which number he was the sole proprietor, flaming on the window of a lottery-office as a capital prize. Somewhat flurried by this discovery, not less welcome than unexpected, he resolved to walk round St Paul's that he might consider in what way to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family; but upon repassing the shop, he observed that the number was altered to 10,069, and upon enquiry, had the mortification to learn that his ticket was a blank, and had only been stuck up in the window by a mistake of the clerk. This effectually calmed his agitation, but he always speaks of himself as having once possessed twenty thousand pounds, and maintains that his ten minutes' walk round St Paul's was worth ten times the purchase-money of the ticket. A prize thus obtained has moreover this special advantage;—it is beyond the reach of fate, it cannot be squandered, bankruptcy cannot lay siege to it, friends cannot pull it down, nor enemies blow it up; it bears a charmed life, and none of woman born can break its integrity, even by the dissipation of a single fraction. Show me the property in these perilous times that is equally compact and impregnable. We can no longer become enriched for a quarter of an hour; we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the last of the Lotteries.

Life will now become a flat, prosaic routine of matter-of-fact, and sleep itself, erst so prolific of numerical configurations and mysterious stimulants to lottery adventure, will be disfurnished of its figures and figments. People will cease to harp upon the one lucky number suggested in a dream, and which forms the exception, while they are scrupulously silent upon the ten thousand falsified dreams which constitute the rule. Morpheus will stifle Cocker with a handful of poppies, and our pillows will be no longer haunted by the book of numbers.

And who, too, shall maintain the art and mystery of puffing in all its pristine glory when the lottery professors shall have abandoned its cultivation? They were the first, as they will assuredly be the last, who fully developed the resources of that ingenious art; who cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements by devices of endless variety and cunning: who baited their lurking schemes with midnight murders, ghost stories, crim-cons, bon-mots, balloons, dreadful catastrophes, and every diversity of joy and sorrow to catch newspaper-gudgeons. Ought not such talents to be encouraged? Verily the abolitionists have much to answer for!

And now, having established the felicity of all those who gained imaginary prizes, let us proceed to shew that the equally numerous class who were presented with real blanks, have not less reason to consider themselves happy. Most of us have cause to be thankful for that which is bestowed, but we have all, probably, reason to be still more grateful for that which is withheld, and more especially for our being denied the sudden possession of riches. In the Litany indeed, we call upon the Lord to deliver us 'in all time of our wealth'; but how few of us are

sincere in deprecating such a calamity! Massinger's Luke, and Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon, and Pope's Sir Balaam, and our own daily observation, might convince us that the devil 'now tempts by making rich, not making poor.' We may read in the *Guardian* a circumstantial account of a man who was utterly ruined by gaining a capital prize:—we may recollect what Dr Johnson said to Garrick, when the latter was making a display of his wealth at Hampton Court,—'Ah, David! David! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible';—we may recall the Scripture declaration, as to the difficulty a rich man finds in entering into the Kingdom of Heaven, and combining all these denunciations against opulence, let us heartily congratulate one another upon our lucky escape from the calamity of a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize! The fox in the fable, who accused the unattainable grapes of sourness, was more of a philosopher than we are generally willing to allow. He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns every thing to gold, and converts disappointment itself into a ground of resignation and content. Such we have shewn to be the great lesson inculcated by the Lottery when rightly contemplated; and if we might parody M. de Chateaubriand's jingling expression,—'*le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*,' we should be tempted to exclaim, 'The Lottery is no more—long live the Lottery!'

UNITARIAN PROTESTS

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF THAT PERSUASION NEWLY MARRIED

Dear M——, Though none of your acquaintance can with greater sincerity congratulate you upon this happy conjuncture than myself, one of the oldest of them, it was with pain I found you, after the ceremony, depositing in the vestry-room what is called a Protest. I thought you superior to this little sophistry. What, after submitting to the service of the Church of England—after consenting to receive a boon from her, in the person of your amiable consort—was it consistent with sense, or common good manners, to turn round upon her, and flatly taunt her with false worship? This language is a little of the strongest in your books and from your pulpits, though there it may well enough be excused from religious zeal and the native warmth of nonconformity. But at the altar—the Church of England altar—adopting her forms and complying with her requisitions to the letter—to be consistent, together with the practice, I fear, you must drop the language of dissent. You are no longer sturdy Non Cons; you are there Occasional Conformists. You submit to accept the privileges communicated by a form of words, exceptionable, and perhaps justly, in your view; but, so submitting, you have no right to quarrel with the ritual which you have just condescended to owe an obligation to. They do not force you into their churches. You come voluntarily, knowing the terms. You marry in the name of the Trinity. There is no evading this by pretending that you take the formula with your own interpretation (and so long as you can do this, where is the necessity of Protesting?):

for the meaning of a vow is to be settled by the sense of the imposer, not by any forced construction of the taker: else might all vows, and oaths too, be eluded with impunity. You marry then essentially as Trinitarians; and the altar no sooner satisfied than, hey presto, with the celerity of a juggler, you shift habits, and proceed pure Unitarians again in the vestry. You cheat the Church out of a wife, and go home smiling in your sleeves that you have so cunningly despoiled the Egyptians. In plain English, the Church has married you in the name of so and so, assuming that you took the words in her sense, but you outwitted her; you assented to them in your sense only, and took from her what, upon a right understanding, she would have declined to give you.

This is the fair construction to be put upon all Unitarian marriages as at present contracted; and as long as you Unitarians could salve your consciences with the equivoque, I do not see why the Established Church should have troubled herself at all about the matter. But the Protesters necessarily see further. They have some glimmerings of the deception; they apprehend a flaw somewhere; they would fain be honest, and yet they must marry notwithstanding; for honesty's sake, they are fain to dehonestate themselves a little. Let me try the very words of your own Protest, to see what confessions we can pick out of them.

'As Unitarians therefore we (you and your newly espoused bride) most solemnly protest against the service (which yourselves have just demanded) because we are thereby called upon, not only tacitly to acquiesce, but to profess a belief in a doctrine which is a dogma, as we believe, totally unfounded.' But do you profess that belief during the ceremony; or are you only called upon for the profession but

do not make it? If the latter, then you fall in with the rest of your more consistent brethren, who waive the Protest; if the former, then, I fear, your Protest cannot save you.

Hard and grievous it is, that in any case an institution so broad and general as the union of man and wife should be so cramped and straitened by the hands of an imposing hierarchy, that to plight troth to a lovely woman a man must be necessitated to compromise his truth and faith to Heaven; but so it must be, so long as you chuse to marry by the forms of the Church over which that hierarchy presides.

Therefore, say you, we Protest. O poor and much fallen word Protest! It was not so that the first heroic reformers protested. They departed out of Babylon once for good and all; they came not back for an occasional contact with her altars; a dallying, and then a protesting against dalliance; they stood not shuffling in the porch, with a Popish foot within, and its lame Lutheran fellow without, halting betwixt. These were the true Protestants, You are—Protesters.

Besides the inconsistency of this proceeding, I must think it a piece of impertinence—unseasonable at least, and out of place, to obtrude these papers upon the officiating clergyman—to offer to a public functionary an instrument which by the tenor of his function he is not obliged to accept, but, rather, he is called upon to reject. Is it done in his clerical capacity? he has no power of redressing the grievance. It is to take the benefit of his ministry and then insult him. If in his capacity of fellow Christian only, what are your scruples to him, so long as you yourselves are able to get over them, and do get over them by the very fact of coming to require his ser-

vices? The thing you call a Protest might with just as good a reason be presented to the churchwarden for the time being, to the parish clerk, or the pew opener.

The Parliament alone can redress your grievance, if any. Yet I see not how with any grace your people can petition for relief, so long as, by the very fact of your coming to Church to be married, they do *bonâ fide* and strictly relieve themselves. The Upper House, in particular, is not unused to these same things called Protests, among themselves. But how would this honorable body stare to find a noble Lord conceding a measure, and in the next breath, by a solemn Protest disowning it. A Protest there is a reason given for non-compliance, not a subterfuge for an equivocal occasional compliance. It was reasonable in the primitive Christians to avert from their persons, by whatever lawful means, the compulsory eating of meats which had been offered unto idols. I dare say the Roman Prefects and Exarchats had plenty of petitioning in their days. But what would a Festus, or Agrippa, have replied to a petition to that effect, presented to him by some evasive Laodicean, with the very meat between his teeth, which he had been chewing voluntarily rather than abide the penalty? Relief for tender consciences means nothing, where the conscience has previously relieved itself; that is, has complied with the injunctions which it seeks preposterously to be rid of. Relief for conscience there is properly none, but what by better information makes an act appear innocent and lawful, with which the previous conscience was not satisfied to comply. All else is but relief from penalties, from scandal incurred by a complying practice, where the conscience itself is not fully satisfied.

But, say you, we have hard measure; the Quakers are indulged with the liberty denied to us. They have; and dearly they have earned it. You have come in (as a sect at least) in the cool of the evening; at the eleventh hour. The Quaker character was hardened in the fires of persecution in the seventeenth century; not quite to the stake and faggot, but little short of that; they grew up and thrived against noisome prisons, cruel beatings, whippings, stockings. They have since endured a century or two of scoffs, contempts; they have been a bye-word, and a nay-word; they have stood unmoved: and the consequence of long conscientious resistance on one part is invariably, in the end, remission on the other. The legislature, that denied you the tolerance, which I do not know that at that time you even asked, gave them the liberty which, without granting, they would have assumed. No penalties could have driven them into the Churches. This is the consequence of entire measures. Had the early Quakers consented to take oaths, leaving a Protest with the clerk of the court against them in the same breath with which they had taken them, do you in your conscience think that they would have been indulged at this day in their exclusive privilege of Affirming? Let your people go on for a century or so, marrying in your own fashion, and I will warrant them before the end of it the legislature will be willing to concede to them more than they at present demand.

Either the institution of marriage depends not for its validity upon hypocritical compliances with the ritual of an alien Church; and then I do not see why you cannot marry among yourselves, as the Quakers, without their indulgence, would have been doing to this day; or it does depend upon such ritual compliance, and then in your Protests you offend against a

divine ordinance. I have read in the Essex-street Liturgy a form for the celebration of marriage. Why is this become a dead letter? O! it has never been legalised; that is to say, in the law's eye it is no marriage. But do you take upon you to say, in the view of the gospel it would be none? Would your own people at least look upon a couple so paired, to be none? But the case of dowries, alimonies, inheritances, &c. which depend for their validity upon the ceremonial of the Church by law established—are these nothing? That our children are not legally *Filii Nullius*—is this nothing? I answer, nothing; to the preservation of a good conscience, nothing; to a consistent Christianity, less than nothing. Sad worldly thorns they are indeed, and stumbling blocks, well worthy to be set out of the way by a legislature calling itself Christian; but not likely to be removed in a hurry by any shrewd legislators, who perceive that the petitioning complainants have not so much as bruised a shin in the resistance; but, prudently declining the briars and the prickles, nestle quietly down in the smooth two-sided velvet of a Protesting Occasional Conformity.—I am, dear sir,

With much respect, yours, &c.

ELIA.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY

[ABOUT the year 18—, one R——d, a respectable London merchant (since dead), stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the Revenue. Among his papers were found the following 'Reflections,' which we have obtained by favour of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost

in the words of the MS. Elia speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—*Editor.*]

Scene—*Opposite the Royal Exchange*

Time—*Twelve to One, Noon*

Ketch, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck, gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half-points, I beseech you; N.N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the

east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*] That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly.*] Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What my friends from over the water! Old benchers—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? Can it dispeople purgatory—ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth

that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient —the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift, and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasmus—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvas. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honour without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopalian yearnings. Behold in me, my flock,

your true overseer! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate!* Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Gresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'er-look the plodding, money-hunting tribe below; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent, grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals*? He closed the Exchequer: I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still!

* A statue of Charles II by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfœtation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.—*Editor.*

but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand! A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

THE LAST PEACH

I AM the miserablest man living. Give me counsel, dear Editor. I was bred up in the strictest principles of honesty, and have passed my life in punctual adherence to them. Integrity might be said to be ingrained in our family. Yet I live in constant fear of one day coming to the gallows.

Till the latter end of last autumn I never experienced these feelings of self-mistrust which ever since have embittered my existence. From the apprehension of that unfortunate man whose story began to make so great an impression upon the public about that time, I date my horrors. I never can get it out of my head that I shall some time or other commit a forgery, or do some equally vile thing. To make matters worse I am in a banking-house. I sit surrounded with a cluster of bank-notes. These were formerly no more to me than meat to a butcher's dog. They are now as toads and aspics. I feel all day like one situated amidst gins and pit-falls. Sovereigns, which I once took such pleasure in counting out, and scraping up with my little thin tin shovel (at which I was the most expert in the banking-house) now scald my hands. When I go to sign my name I set down that of another person, or write my own in a counterfeit character. I am beset with temptations without motive. I want no more wealth than I possess. A more contented being than

myself, as to money matters, exists not. What should I fear?

When a child I was once let loose, by favour of a Nobleman's gardener, into his Lordship's magnificent fruit garden, with free leave to pull the currants and the gooseberries; only I was interdicted from touching the wall fruit. Indeed, at that season (it was the end of Autumn) there was little left. Only on the South wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brick-work?) lingered the last one peach. Now peaches are a fruit I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. There is something to my palate singularly harsh and repulsive in the flavour of them. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted by an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it, till, maddening with desire (desire I cannot call it) with wilfulness rather —without appetite—against appetite, I may call it —in an evil hour I reached out my hand and plucked it. Some few rain drops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed; stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit, whose sight rather than savour had tempted me, dropt from my hand, never to be tasted. All the commentators in the world cannot persuade me but that the Hebrew word in the second chapter of Genesis, translated apple, should be rendered peach. Only this way can I reconcile that mysterious story.

Just such a child at thirty am I among the cash and valuables, longing to pluck, without an idea of enjoyment further. I cannot reason myself out of these fears: I dare not laugh at them. I was tenderly and lovingly brought up. What then? Who that in

life's entrance had seen the babe F——, from the lap stretching out his little fond mouth to catch the maternal kiss, could have predicted, or as much as imagined, that life's very different exit? The sight of my own fingers torments me; they seem so admirably constructed for——pilfering. Then that jugular vein, which I have in common——; in an emphatic sense may I say with David, I am 'fearfully made.' All my mirth is poisoned by these unhappy suggestions. If, to dissipate reflection, I hum a tune, it changes to the 'Lamentations of a Sinner.' My very dreams are tainted. I awake with a shocking feeling of my hand in some pocket.

Advise with me, dear Editor, on this painful heart-malady. Tell me, do you feel any thing allied to it in yourself? do you never feel an itching, as it were—a *dactylomania*—or am I alone? You have my honest confession. My next may appear from Bow-street.

SUSPENSURUS.

A POPULAR FALLACY

THAT a deformed person is a lord.—After a careful perusal of the most approved works that treat of nobility, and of its origin, in these realms in particular we are left very much in the dark as to the original patent, in which this branch of it is recognized. Neither Camden in his *Etymologie and Original of Barons*, nor Dugdale in his *Baronage of England*, nor Selden (a more exact and laborious enquirer than either) in his *Titles of Honour* affords a glimpse of satisfaction upon the subject. There is an heraldic term, indeed, which seems to imply gentility, and the right to coat armour (but nothing further) in persons thus qualified. But the *sinister bend* is more

probably interpreted, by the best writers on this science, of some irregularity of birth, than of bodily conformation. Nobility is either hereditary, or by creation, commonly called patent. Of the former kind, the title in question cannot be, seeing that the notion of it is limited to a personal distinction, which does not necessarily follow in the blood. Honours of this nature, as Mr Anstey very well observes, descend moreover in a *right line*. It must be by patent then, if any thing. But who can shew it? How comes it to be dormant? Under what king's reign is it pretended? Among the grounds of nobility cited by the learned Mr Ashmole, after 'Services in the Field or in the Council Chamber,' he judiciously sets down 'Honours conferred by the sovereign out of mere benevolence, or as favouring one subject rather than another, for some likeness or conformity observed (or but supposed) in him to the royal nature'; and instances the graces showered upon Charles Brandon, who 'in his goodly person being thought not a little to favour the port and bearing of the king's own majesty, was by that sovereign, King Henry the Eighth, for some or one of these respects, highly promoted and preferred.' Here, if any where, we thought we had discovered a clue to our researches. But after a painful investigation of the rolls and records under the reign of Richard the Third, or Richard Crouchback, as he is more usually designated in the chronicles, from a traditionary stoop, or gibbosity in that part,—we do not find that that monarch conferred any such lordships, as are here pretended, upon any subject, or subjects, on a simple plea of 'conformity' in that respect to the 'royal nature.' The posture of affairs in those tumultuous times, preceding the battle of Bosworth, possibly left him at no leisure to attend to such

niceties. Further than his reign we have not extended our enquiries; the kings of England who preceded, or followed him, being generally described by historians to have been of straight and clean limbs, the 'natural derivative (says Daniel*) of high blood, if not its primitive recommendation to such ennoblement, as denoting strength and martial prowess—the qualities set most by in that fighting age.' Another motive, which inclines us to scruple the validity of this claim, is the remarkable fact, that none of the persons, in whom the right is supposed to be vested, do ever insist upon it themselves. There is no instance of any of them 'sueing his patent,' as the law-books call it; much less of his having actually stepped up into his proper seat, as, so qualified, we might expect that some of them would have had the spirit to do, in the House of Lords. On the contrary, it seems to be a distinction thrust upon them. 'Their title of Lord (says one of their own body, speaking of the common people) I never much valued, and now I entirely despise: and yet they will force it upon me as an honour which they have a right to bestow, and which I have none to refuse†.' Upon a dispassionate review of the subject, we are disposed to believe that there is no right to the peerage incident to mere bodily configuration; that the title in dispute is merely honorary, and depending upon the breath of the common people; which in these realms is so far from the power of conferring nobility, that the ablest constitutionalists have agreed in nothing more unanimously, than in the maxim that the King is the sole fountain of honour.

* History of England, 'Temporibus Edwardi Primi et sequentibus.'

† Hay on Deformity.

CAPTAIN STARKEY

To the Editor of The Every-Day Book

DEAR SIR,—I read your account of this unfortunate Being, and his forlorn piece of self-history, with that smile of half-interest which the Annals of Insignificance excite, till I came to where he says 'I was bound apprentice to Mr William Bird, an eminent writer and Teacher of languages and mathematics,' &c.—when I started as one does on the recognition of an old acquaintance in a supposed stranger. This then was that Starkey of whom I have heard my Sister relate so many pleasant anecdotes; and whom, never having seen, I yet seem almost to remember. For nearly fifty years she had lost all sight of him—and behold the gentle Usher of her youth, grown into an aged Beggar, dubbed with an opprobrious title, to which he had no pretensions; an object, and a May game! To what base purposes may we not return! What may not have been the meek creature's sufferings—what his wanderings—before he finally settled down in the comparative comfort of an old Hospitaller of the Almonry of Newcastle? And is poor Starkey dead?——

I was a scholar of that 'eminent writer' that he speaks of; but Starkey had quitted the school about a year before I came to it. Still the odour of his merits had left a fragrancy upon the recollection of the elder pupils. The school-room stands where it did, looking into a discoloured dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings. It is still a School, though the main prop, alas! has fallen so ingloriously; and bears a Latin inscription over the entrance in the Lane, which was unknown in our humbler times. Heaven knows what

'languages' were taught in it then; I am sure that neither my Sister nor myself brought any out of it, but a little of our native English. By 'mathematics,' reader, must be understood 'cyphering.' It was in fact a humble day-school, at which reading and writing were taught to us boys in the morning, and the same slender erudition was communicated to the girls, our sisters, &c. in the evening. Now Starkey presided, under Bird, over both establishments. In my time, Mr Cook, now or lately a respectable Singer and Performer at Drury-lane Theatre, and Nephew to Mr Bird, had succeeded to him. I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone—especially while he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children, than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary public chastisement was the bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now—the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened at the inflicting end into a shape resembling a pear, —but nothing like so sweet—with a delectable hole in the middle, to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused instrument of torture—and the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous; but by no process can I look back upon this blister-raiser with any thing but unmingled horror.—To make him look more formidable —if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—

Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns, formerly in use with schoolmasters; the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But boyish fears apart—Bird I believe was in the main a humane and judicious master.

O, how I remember our legs wedged in to those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other—and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson 'Art improves Nature'; the still earlier pothooks and the hangers, some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript; the truant looks side-long to the garden, which seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling, which had almost turned my head, and which to this day I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of—our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot: what a world of little associated circumstances, pains, and pleasures, mingling their quotas of pleasure, arise at the reading of those few simple words—'Mr William Bird, an eminent writer and Teacher of languages and mathematics in Fetter Lane, Holborn'!

Poor Starkey, when young, had that peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness in his face, which makes it impossible for a beholder to predicate any particular age in the object. You can scarce make a guess between seventeen and seven and thirty. This antique cast always seems to promise ill-luck and penury. Yet it seems, he was not always the abject thing he came to. My Sister, who well remembers him, can hardly forgive Mr Thomas Ransom for

making an etching so unlike her idea of him, when he was a youthful teacher at Mr Bird's school. Old age and poverty—a life-long poverty she thinks, could at no time have so effaced the marks of native gentility, which were once so visible in a face, otherwise strikingly ugly, thin, and care-worn. From her recollections of him, she thinks that he would have wanted bread, before he would have begged or borrowed a halfpenny. If any of the girls (she says) who were my school-fellows should be reading, through their aged spectacles, tidings from the dead of their youthful friend Starkey, they will feel a pang, as I do, at ever having teased his gentle spirit. They were big girls, it seems, too old to attend his instructions with the silence necessary; and however old age, and a long state of beggary, seem to have reduced his writing faculties to a state of imbecility, in those days, his language occasionally rose to the bold and figurative, for when he was in despair to stop their chattering, his ordinary phrase was, 'Ladies, if you will not hold your peace, not all the powers in heaven can make you.' Once he was missing for a day or two; he had run away. A little old unhappy-looking man brought him back—it was his father—and he did no business in the school that day, but sate moping in a corner, with his hands before his face; and the girls, his tormentors, in pity for his case, for the rest of that day forbore to annoy him. I had been there but a few months (adds she) when Starkey, who was the chief instructor of us girls, communicated to us as a profound secret, that the tragedy of *Cato* was shortly to be acted by the elder boys, and that we were to be invited to the representation. That Starkey lent a helping hand in fashioning the actors, she remembers; and but for his unfortunate person, he might have had some dis-

tinguished part in the scene to enact; as it was, he had the arduous task of prompter assigned to him, and his feeble voice was heard clear and distinct, repeating the text during the whole performance. She describes her recollection of the cast of characters even now with a relish. Martia, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings,—Lucia, by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by the head than his two sons in the scene, &c. In conclusion, Starkey appears to have been one of those mild spirits, which, not originally deficient in understanding, are crushed by penury into dejection and feebleness. He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to Society, if Fortune had taken him into a very little fostering, but wanting that, he became a Captain—a by-word—and lived, and died, a broken bulrush.

C. L.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Charles Lamb born in the Inner Temple 10 Feb. 1775 educated in Christ's Hospital afterwards a clerk in the Accountants office East India House pensioned off from that service 1825 after 33 years service, is now a Gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suâ manu*); below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably and is therefore more apt to discharge

his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness; a small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry, was a fierce smoker of Tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale in Prose, called Rosamund Gray, a Dramatic Sketch named John Woodvil, a Farewell Ode to Tobacco, with sundry other Poems and light prose matter, collected in Two slight crown Octavos and pompously christened his Works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred Folios. He is also the true Elia whose Essays are extant in a little volume published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done or can hope to do in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public attention to the old English Dramatists in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakspeare,' published about 15 years since. In short all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr Upcott's book and then not be told truly. He died*

18 much lamented.

Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.

10th Apr 1827.

* To any Body—Please to fill up these blanks.

THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE

IN THE ALBUM OF MR KEYMER

When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him,—who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his *Friend* would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery, which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never

saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seemed to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

CHS. LAMB.

EDMONTON, *November* 21, 1834.

NOTES

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CURIOUS FRAGMENTS

Lamb, writing to Manning 5th October, 1800, mentions that he had sent two imitations of Burton to Daniel Stuart, the editor of *The Morning Post*. These, his first essay in journalism, were not accepted: the four fragments were printed among the supplementary pieces in *John Woodvil* (1802), in the order given here. In 1818 *A Conceipt of Diabolical Possession* was placed among the poems in Lamb's *Works*, with the title *Hypochondriacus*, and Extract IV was numbered Extract III.

The Anatomy of Melancholy . . . by Democritus Junior, published at Oxford in 1621, was the work of Robert Burton (1577–1640), student of Christ Church and at that time perpetual curate of St Thomas', Oxford. He assumed the name of Democritus Junior in allusion to the story of the philosopher Democritus, who, afflicted with melancholy, is said by Hippocrates to have meditated writing a work upon the malady, its seat and causes, for which he prepared himself by experiments upon the carcases of animals. Burton's book, much revised and altered by himself in later editions, is an extraordinary and fascinating miscellany of learning collected from a very wide range of literature and displayed with a humour and richness of allusion which were peculiarly congenial to Lamb's temperament, compounded, like Burton's, of melancholy and laughter in equal proportions and given to the study of forgotten authors. Mr Lucas (*Life of Lamb*, I, 180) remarks upon the excellence of these fragments, not merely as parody, but as imitations 'conveying both the manner and matter of his original.'

The standard edition of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, following the text of the sixth edition (1651–2), is that by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, 3 vols., 1893.

Sed hoc, etc.] 'But this I wish rather than I expect.'

i nunc liber] 'Go forth now, my book.'

candidi lectores] 'Fair-minded readers.'

Plinius and **Mandeuille**] Pliny refers to the legend of the phoenix, *Historia Naturalis*, lib. x. Mandeville tells the story, *Travels*, ch. vii: the phoenix came to burn itself upon the altar of the temple at Heliopolis at the end of its life of five hundred years. 'And the first day next after, men find in the ashes a worm; and the second day next after, men find a bird quick and perfect; and the third day next after, he flieth his way. And so there is no more birds of that kind in all the world, but it alone, and truly this is a great miracle of God.'

Fienus] Thomas Fienus or Fyens (1567–1631). 'A famous Physician of *Antwerp*, that wrote three books *de viribus imaginationis*,' i.e. on the force of imagination (Burton, ed. Shilleto, I, 297). The *De viribus Imaginationis tractatus* was published at Louvain in 1608. Burton refers once (II, 302) to his father, Johannes Fienus, who died in 1585.

Montaltus] Philotheus Aelianus Montaltus, one of Burton's chief authorities, author of *Archipathologia*, a treatise upon the internal affections of the brain (Paris, 1614).

Christopherus a Vega] Professor of medicine at Alcalà in the sixteenth century. His works were published in folio at Lyons in 1626.

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putid] Offensive to taste (Lat. *putidus*, literally 'rotten').

post cænam scripta] 'Written after supper.'

Coryate] Thomas Coryate (d. 1617) of Odcombe in Somerset and Gloucester hall, Oxford, whose eccentric account of his travels on foot in various lands was published in 1611, under the title *Coryats Crudities*.

indiscriminate] i.e. things indiscriminate.

Wolfius] Hieronymus Wolfius (Jerome Wolf), a Bavarian scholar and voluminous commentator (1516–81), is quoted by Burton chiefly for astrological purposes, from his remarks upon the writings of the Bohemian astrologer, Cyprian of Leowitz (d. 1574), published in the form of a dialogue under the title *Admonitio de vero et licito Astrologiae usu*, and prefixed to editions of the work of Leowitz.

Sannazar] Jacopo Sannazaro (1458–1530), the Neapolitan poet.

Polydore] Polydore Vergil (c. 1470–1555), scholar and historian. A native of Urbino, he was appointed papal sub-collector in England, where he obtained various benefices, including the archdeaconry of Wells, and was naturalised. His *Historiae Anglicae libri XXVI*, undertaken by order of Henry VII, was published at Basel in 1534. He returned to Italy in 1550.

neoteric] New-fangled, revolutionary.

a Pyramus, a Romeo] Burton (III, 216) alludes in the same sentence to the story of Pyramus and Thisbe and quotes *Romeo and Juliet*, v, iii, 309–10. This is his sole quotation from Shakespeare's plays: elsewhere he quotes twice from Shakespeare's poems.

insanus amor] Frantic love. The phrase occurs in connexion with the passion for war, Vergil, eclogue x, 44.

Glycera] See Horace, *Carmina*, I, xxix, xxx, xxxiii.

trope] Metaphor.

Æneas Sylvius] Eneo Silvio Piccolomini (1405–64), bishop of Siena, elected pope in 1458, when he took the title of Pius II. Burton (III, 89) mentions his description of perfect physical beauty in his romance *De duobus amantibus Euryalo et Lucretia*, referring also on the same page to Horace's Glycera.

Corydon] A typical name for a rustic, as in Vergil, eclogues II, VII.

omnino ignarus] Altogether ignorant.

Corderius] Mathurin Cordier (1479–1564), author of *Commentarius puerorum de quotidiano sermone* and *Colloquiorum scholasticorum libri quatuor*.

opiniatre] Fond of his own opinion, obstinate.

amoris ergo] 'On account of love.'

PAGE 3

those cattle] A contemptuous phrase, summing up the preceding classes.

Egyptians] Gipsies: 'Egyptian vagabonds (so termed at least)' (Burton, I, 104).

Aldobrandus] Ulysses Aldrovandus (1527–1605), born at Bologna, author of a series of natural histories, in collecting material for which he spent his life in travelling.

semiviri] Half-men, such as centaurs and like prodigies.

Virgilius his tombe] For the legend of the discovery of the tomb and body of Vergil in the middle of a hill near Naples, told early in the thirteenth century by Gervase of Tilbury, and the story of his miraculous reputation at Naples, see Comparetti, *Virgilio nel medio evo*, II, ch. iii.

Melancthon] Philip Schwarzerd or Melanchthon (1497–1560), professor of Greek at Wittenberg and the friend of Luther. Burton frequently quotes his treatise *De anima*.

Cornutus] Unknown to Burton. Probably invented by Lamb. Jacques-Philippe Cornuti (1600–51) was, however, a Parisian doctor of Burton's day, chiefly famous as a botanist, whose name Lamb may have remembered.

heu Pietas !] 'Alas for pity!' *Pietas* is used in a double sense, as 'pity' and 'piety': the secondary meaning is 'Alas! what piety will do!'

fugit hora] 'Time flies.'

favebant venti] 'The winds were favourable.'

compotores] Fellow drinkers, boon companions.

quantum mutatus] 'How greatly changed': see Vergil, *Aen.* II, 274.

tædium vitæ] 'Weariness of life.'

redit Amor] 'Love comes back.'

incomposite] 'Untrimmed': Lat. *incompositus*, out of order.

anhelus] 'Panting.'

PAGE 4

amantissima] 'Very loving.'

Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone] The three Furies of mythology. Megara should be Megaera.

phrenetic] Frensied.

in rerum naturâ] 'In the nature of things,' i.e. the source of his frensy is nothing which actually exists, but a mere notion derived from his former memories.

This Caprichio, Sir Humourous] Lamb imitates the habit, common among Elizabethan writers, of applying an Italian name to denote a man of a certain temperament. *Capriccio* is a substantive, signifying a caprice or whim: the adjective is *capriccioso*, of which 'humourous,' i.e. full of humours or caprices, is an English rendering.

Hippocrates] The celebrated medical writer, born at Cos, c. 460 B.C.

Avicenna] Abou-ibn-Sina, an Arabian physician (c. 980–1037), whose works, with those of Hippocrates and Galen, formed the chief medical text-books of the middle ages.

becca ficos] Fig-peckers, small edible birds: there is probably a touch of personal reminiscence in 'which men do eat in Sussex,' but the sentence is characteristic of the author whom Lamb was imitating.

dizzard] A fool, blockhead. See Burton, III, 176: 'madmen, fools, dizzards, *atrabilarii*, beside themselves, and as blind as beetles.'

EXTRACT II

logomachies] Disputations about words, Gr. λογομάχιαι, used in 1 Tim. vi, 4.

Bodinus] Jean Bodin, born c. 1530: his treatise *De Magorum Daemonomania* (Basel, 1581) and other works are often quoted by Burton.

arrident amici ridet mundus] Literally 'his friends smile approvingly. The world laughs.'

PAGE 5

homines intellectûs pulverulenti] 'Men of dusty understanding.'

Trincauellius] Vittorio Trincavelli (1496–1568), Greek scholar and writer on medicine. He translated Galen into Latin in collaboration with Erasmus and others: his works were collected in two volumes, published at Lyons in 1586.

homines parvulissimi] 'Very tiny men.'

Lemnius] Lemmens, otherwise Levinus or Lievin, a Dutch medical writer (1505–68), whose work *De occultis naturae miraculis*, first published at Antwerp in 1559, is often quoted by Burton.

Alcuin] The great scholar of the eighth century. The reference here is obviously absurd: Lamb introduced him of his own free-will, as Burton nowhere refers to him.

Cerealia] The festival of Ceres, which took place on the 10th of April.

humidum radicale exsiccant] 'They dry up the radical moisture.'

Galen] The most famous of ancient medical authorities, born at Pergamum 131 B.C.

nunquam metam attingunt] 'They never touch the goal.'

Lampas] Gr. λάμπας = a torch.

Anianus] A Latin poet of the end of the fifteenth century.

PAGE 6

gothamites] Cf. Burton, 1, 136, 'the symptoms are manifest, they are all of *Gotham* parish.' Gotham is in the south of Nottinghamshire: the foolish simplicity of its inhabitants, probably founded on some basis of truth in an individual case, became proverbial. It may be noted that the village is within ten miles of Seagrave in Leicestershire, of which Burton was rector 1630–40.

nodosi ingenii] 'Of a knotty intellect,' i.e. of an intricate habit of mind.

Lully] Raymund Lully, philosopher (c. 1235–1315). See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 272.

Idiota] ἰδιώτης in Greek means literally 'a private person.'

EXTRACT III

With regard to these lines, which received the later title *Hypochondriacus*, see Lamb's letter to Manning, 5 Oct., 1800: 'I have also hit off a few lines in the name of Burton, being a "Conceit of Diabolic Possession." Burton was a man often assailed by deepest melancholy, and at other times much given to laughing and jesting, as is the way with melancholy men. I will send them to you: they were almost extempore, and no great things; but you will indulge them.'

Page 7

Anthropophagi] Cannibals: see Shakespeare, *Othello*, I, iii, 143–4, of which the allusion to Anthropophagi in Burton I, 72, is probably a reminiscence.

Spectra, Diaboli] One of the subsections in Burton's work (I, 205–30) is entitled 'A Digression of the nature of Spirits, bad Angels, or Devils, and how they cause melancholy.'

St Anthony] For the temptation of St Anthony by the devil in various forms, see *The Golden Legend* (Temple Classics), II, 224–31. On his revival after being beaten by his ghostly visitants almost to death, he challenged them to battle. 'And anon they came in form of divers beasts wild and savage, of whom that one howled, another siffled, and another cried, and another brayed and assailed S. Anthony, that one with the horns, the others with their teeth, and the others with their paws and ongles, and disturned, and all to-rent his body that he supposed well to die.' Burton has allusions to these apparitions, I, 211, and III, 480.

Hobgoblins] Ranked by Burton (I, 220) among terrestrial devils: 'A bigger kind there is of them, called with us *Hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows*, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work.'

Lemures] Malicious spirits, which after death 'grovel on the ground as they were baser in their lives, nearer to the earth' (Burton, I, 214). In classical Latin, a general term for ghosts: see Horace, *Epp.* II, ii, 209, 'nocturnos lemures.'

Antipodes] Lamb implies dreams in which everything is turned topsy-turvy.

Incubi] Spirits that cause nightmare.

Abaddon] See Revelation ix, 11. Burton (I, 214) places Abaddon at the head of the seventh order of bad spirits, as classified by medieval writers, 'a destroyer, Captain of the Furies, causing wars,' etc.

Mahu] Taken by Lamb from Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III, iv, 159. Shakespeare probably derived the name from Samuel Harsnet's *Declaration of Egregious Popishe Impostures* (1603). It does not occur in Burton.

Jesu ! Maria ! etc.] 'Jesus! Mary! deliver us from these fell temptations of the Enemy.' In 1802 this invocation appeared as *Jesu Mariae ! libera nos ab his tentationibus orat, implorat, R. B. Peccator.*

EXTRACT IV

1662] Burton died in 1639–40.

Villanovus] More correctly Villanovanus, under which title he is often cited by Burton. Arnauld de Villeneuve (1238–1314) was a celebrated physician and chemist.

hebetant] Dulling, stupefying.

feral] *Feralis* = deadly. From the phrase which follows, Lamb seems to have meant 'ferine' (*ferinus*), i.e. belonging to wild beasts.

Page 8

e contra] 'On the other hand.'

loci musis propriores] 'Places more peculiar to the Muses. This passage may be contrasted with Lamb's own enthusiastic delight in London, as expressed in his letter of 30 Jan., 1801, to Wordsworth, and a letter written to Manning later in the same year.

bezo las manos] Spanish. 'I kiss my hands,' i.e. say adieu.

dilatis naribus] 'With extended nostrils.' *Dilatis* should be *dilatatis*.

mutæ personæ] 'Mutes.'

personate actors] Actors performing parts.

assessores opum] 'Assessors of his wealth.' *Assessor* is literally 'one who sits by': Lamb explains his meaning in the next phrase.

PAGE 9

extremum munus perficere] 'To perform the last duty.'

quantum potuit] 'As far as he could.'

minims] Tiny things, Lat. *minima*. See the usc of the word in extract II above.

O nefas !] 'O, execrable!'

locularii] 'Undertakers' men,' coined from *loculus* = a coffin.

Mæcenas] The celebrated literary patron of the Augustan age in Rome.

honing] Lamenting or grumbling, said to be derived from old French *hogner, hoigner*. The word occurs in Burton and is used by Lamb in *The Convalescent* (*Last Essays of Elia*).

Gnathoes] Gnatho is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

PAGE 10

any such cattle] Cf. 'those cattle,' p. 194 above.

Hæc sunt, etc.] 'These things surpass the seriousness of Heraclitus.' Heraclitus of Ephesus was the contemporary of Democritus: the philosophical temperament of both was characterised by the story which represents Heraclitus as the weeping, Democritus as the laughing philosopher.

spleene], In 1802 this extract concluded with another sentence, introducing the poem which, in the *Works* of 1818, bore the separate title of *A Ballad: Noting the Difference of Rich and Poor, in the Ways of a Rich Noble's Palace and a poor Workhouse*, which has nothing in common with Burton's peculiar manner.

ON THE INCONVENIENCES RESULTING FROM BEING HANGED

Printed in no. II of *The Reflector*, a quarterly started by Leigh Hunt in 1810. Lamb contributed to nos. II (Jan., 1811), III (April, 1811) and IV, the concluding number (Oct., 1811).

PAGE 11

trope] See note on p. 193 above.

corroborative] Contributing to strengthen, fortifying, i.e. by its spiritual counsel.

PAGE 12

stigmatised innocence] Used, like 'wounded honour,' in a double sense, alluding at once to the moral disgrace and the physical disfigurement.

PAGE 13

Achateses] *Fidus Achates* was the companion and confidant of Aeneas in Vergil.

Smoke] Notice, observe privately. The word, in this sense, means 'to smell out,' the peculiarity alluded to being compared to the scent of smoke. Thus in Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, III, vi, 111, the First Lord says of Parolles, 'He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu.'

a maiden one] A maiden assize is one in which no cases are presented for trial.

Lazarus] Alluding, of course, to the miracle of the resuscitation of Lazarus (St John xi).

PAGE 15

Phocion] The Athenian general and statesman, executed at Athens in 317 B.C. upon the unjust suspicion of complicity in the seizure of the Piraeus by the Macedonian general Alexander, the son of Polysperchon.

PAGE 16

punctilio] Petty scruple, It. *puntiglio* = a little point.

PAGE 17

thirty-seventh] Lamb entered his thirty-seventh year on 10 Feb. 1811, during the quarter covered by this number of *The Reflector*. This is an early instance of his characteristic habit of blending autobiographic detail with fiction.

just-entering] The use of vivid compound epithets in this sentence to describe the partial execution of the punishments mentioned should be noticed.

PAGE **18**

Swift, and Pope, and Prior] Several instances are to be found in Swift's occasional verses, e.g. his description of the death of 'clever Tom Clinch.'

My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without prayer-book or psalm,

and his riddle on the gallows. Jests upon the subject are not frequent in Pope: where they occur, they are merely in the nature of incidental allusions, e.g. *Imitations of Horace* (Sat. II, i, 145–6):

'It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.'

As regards Prior, see the ballad *The Thief and the Cordelier*, 'Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,' etc.

Gay] *The Beggars' Opera* (1728) has Captain Macheath, a highwayman, for its central character.

Fielding and Smollett] Fielding's *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743) deals with this subject in a spirit of sustained and mordant irony. As an instance from Smollett may be quoted the remark of the Clerkenwell turnkey upon the results of Humphry Clinker's evangelistic efforts upon his charges: 'If the fellow an't speedily removed by habeas corpus, or otherwise...we shan't have a soul to credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman... there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart—we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers.'

bon bouche] Lamb's French is negligent.

Tom Brown] Pamphleteer and satirist (1663–1704).

peremptory psalm] Cf. 'the doleful cantata,' p. 11 above, the psalm sung by the condemned criminal at the gallows. Pope, *Dunciad*, I, 40, speaks of 'hymning Tyburn' in this connexion.

the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*] See *Hamlet*, V, i, 46–50.

Measure for Measure] VI, iii, 22–40.

PAGE 19

As the wind, etc.] From the famous scene in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, IV, in which Hieronymo gives his instructions to the painter: 'And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.'

a maukin] A scarecrow.

PAGE 20

the Angel in Milton] *Paradise Lost*, VIII, 578: 'Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.'

San Benitos] The garment worn by heretics found guilty by the Spanish inquisition, so called because, passing over the shoulders, it resembled in form the scapular worn by Benedictine monks (San Benito = St Benedict). The yellow garment was actually worn as a sign of penitence by heretics who recanted: those condemned to death wore black, and the black sanbenito alone was painted with devils. Cf. *Essays of Elia*, p. 28.

my uncle's seat in ——shire] Possibly a reminiscence of a portrait at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, described by Lamb in *Blakesmoor in H—shire*. See notes in *Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 213–5.

PAGE 21

Pensilis] The hanging one. The first *i* is short.

ON THE DANGER OF CONFOUNDING MORAL WITH PERSONAL DEFORMITY

Printed in the same number of *The Reflector* as the previous essay.

PAGE 22

read the mind's construction, etc.] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, iv, 11, 12: 'There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face.'

PAGE 24

The fish] The cuttle-fish.

PAGE 25

shag] A rough cloth.

varlet] Rascal. Originally the word, which is identical with 'valet,' is a diminutive of 'vassal' (*vassaletus, vasletus*), used for the inferior members of a medieval household. A nobleman's household was divided into three classes, *armigeri* (gentlemen), *valetti* (yeomen) and *garciones* (grooms): the word, in later use, thus suffered some deterioration.

PAGE 26

ascance] Lamb's spelling.

Imprimis] In the first place.

PAGE 27

conceit] Imagination.

archetype] Original form, as in the Platonic philosophy, in which all human qualities were considered as reflexions or copies of an ideal and perfect type existing in the supernatural world. The same theory is referred to in the words 'bodily types or instruments of these qualities' below.

PAGE 28

Mrs Ratcliffe] Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823), the most popular novelist of the 'Tales of Terror' school. Her most famous romances, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Italian*, were published in 1794 and 1797.

Mr Monk Lewis] Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818), whose novel, *The Monk*, was published in 1795. His work, strongly coloured by the influence of German romance, is remarkable for the connexion which it had with Scott's early writings. The hero of his romance, *The Bravo of Venice* (1804), is described with gusto: 'In the union of his features were found collected in one hideous assemblage all the most coarse and uncouth traits which had ever been exhibited singly in wooden cuts.'

Murder in Shakespeare] See *Macbeth*, II, i, 55, and *Richard III*, I, iii, 354; I, iv, 246.

commence poets] Begin our career as poets.

PAGE 29

jutting out or like a crag] A reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III, i, 11–13:

'let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base.'

Crito] One of the disciples of Socrates. Lamb probably selected this name as that of one of the most devoted adherents of a master, condemned to death as a criminal, whose physical ugliness was combined with exalted virtues.

ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF HOGARTH

This essay appeared in *The Reflector*, no. III, 1811. William Hogarth (1697–1764), whose pictures are the counterpart to the novels of his friend and contemporary Henry Fielding, was always an object of Lamb's veneration; and prints from them hung upon the walls of Lamb's rooms. His three most famous series of paintings, *The Harlot's Progress*, *The Rake's Progress* and *Marriage-à-la-Mode* were engraved in 1732, 1735 and 1745 respectively. The original paintings of *The Rake's Progress* are in the Soane Museum, and those of *Marriage-à-la-Mode* in the National Gallery; while a collection of his prints is exhibited at the house in Chiswick where he died.

an old-fashioned house in ——shire] Blakesware. Cf. note on p. 202 above. Lamb does not mention the Hogarth prints in *Blakesmoor in H—shire*, but they are referred to by Mary Lamb in *The Young Mahometan*, Margaret Green's tale in *Mrs Leicester's School*.

PAGE 30

Juvenal] The satirist of Roman society in the age of Domitian, the last of the twelve Caesars.

PAGE 31

Lear's beginning madness] See *King Lear*, Act III.

strange bed-fellows] Shakespeare, *Tempest*, II, ii, 41–2: 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.'

bans] Curses: see *King Lear*, III, ii.

child-changed father] Cordelia's phrase in *King Lear*, IV, vii, 20.

PAGE **32**

Caius] See *King Lear*, V, i, 283.

PAGE **33**

furnishing forth] Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, ii, 181: 'the funeral baked meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.'

Ferdinand Count Fathom] In Smollett's novel of that name (1753), ch. xxvii. 'When he beheld [from Boulogne] the white cliffs of Albion, his heart throbbed with all the joy of a beloved son, who, after a tedious and fatiguing voyage, reviews the chimneys of his father's house,' etc.

PAGE **34**

Sir Joshua Reynolds] 1723–92; first president of the Royal Academy, 1768.

Poussin] Nicolas Poussin (1594–1665), the most famous of French historical painters.

Plague of Athens] The plague represented was that of 430 B.C., described in prose by Thucydides and in Latin verse by Lucretius. Poussin was fond of such subjects: his pictures of the Philistines smitten by the plague and the Deluge are in the Louvre, and there is a replica of the first of these in the National Gallery. The Hopes, bankers and Amsterdam merchants, were famous for their love of the arts.

PAGE **35**

strange images of death] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, iii, 97.

shell] Coffin.

Tarquin and Lucrece] *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1422–8.

PAGE **37**

Ugolino and dying Beaufort] The painting of Ugolino (from Dante, *Inf.* xxxii, xxxiii) was painted in 1773 and bought by the duke of Dorset. That of the death of cardinal Beaufort, illustrating Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. VI*, III, iii, was executed

for the Shakespeare gallery established in Pall Mall by John Boydell, engraver and alderman.

Gorgonian looks] The face of the Gorgon Medusa, famous in the legend of Perseus, turned all who looked upon it to stone.

PAGE 38

disgrace] The passage alluded to in the note occurs in Reynolds's fourteenth discourse (*Works*, II, 88–9), where he contrasts Gainsborough's judgment in abstaining from historical painting, with 'that of our late excellent Hogarth, who, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency; or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers.' Reynolds's objection to Hogarth on this ground was largely founded upon Hogarth's neglect of the course of foreign training which he himself considered indispensable: 'he was indeed so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style, that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation was at all necessary.'

Raphael and Dominichino] Raffaello Sanzio of Urbino (1483–1520), the greatest of Italian painters. Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, i.e. 'little Dominic' (1581–1641), was the chief historical painter of the Bolognese school, who devoted himself to religious subjects. None of the pictures of either is known under this name, and Lamb seems to have been referring to incidental details in pictures called by other titles.

PAGE 39

Comic Lunatics] The quotation from the play by Thomas Dekker given in the note occurs in a Bedlam scene, part I, act V, sc. ii.

PAGE 40

twiformed births] Monsters, half man, half beast, such as satyrs.

Venice Preserved] By Otway, acted in 1682. The comic scenes (III, i; V, i) between the courtesan Aquilina and the senator Antonio were introduced to satirise the first earl of Shaftesbury, Dryden's Achitophel, the play, which has a

conspiracy as its subject, having been suggested by the recent Popish plot.

Rollo] *The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, II, ii; III, ii. The play appears to have been written after 1624, i.e. more than eight years after Beaumont's death, by Fletcher in collaboration with Ben Jonson and others.

Titian] Tiziano Vecelli (1477–1576). The famous picture of the supper at Emmaus, now in the Louvre, is treated with the sumptuous architectural setting which became characteristic of the Venetian school. The introduction of domestic animals is also common in this type of painting, and, in spite of Lamb's criticism, has its value in the composition of representations which are simply pictures of Venetian banquets with the addition of sacred figures.

Industry and Idleness] This series of prints, contrasting the careers of two apprentices, was engraved in 1747; *The Distrest Poet* in 1736, belonging to a class of prints of which *The Enraged Musician* (1741) is another.

Bunbury] Henry William Bunbury, caricaturist, who died in the year (1811) to which this essay belongs.

PAGE **41**

insignificant countenance] The *Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn*, referred to in the note, was engraved in 1738. See Horace Walpole's (fourth earl of Orford) *Anecdotes of Painting*, ed. Wornum, III, 5, where it is praised as 'for wit and imagination, without other end...the best of all his works.'

bag] Bag-wig.

PAGE **42**

Ratzeburg] Coleridge studied German at Ratzeburg, near Lübeck, during the autumn and early winter of 1798–9. The passage quoted refers to a cardplayer who, while dealing, held his long pipe in his teeth. It will be found in no. II of the letters from Germany called *Satyrane's Letters*, inserted in Coleridge's periodical *The Friend* in 1809–10, and afterwards in *Biographia Literaria* (1817), where they now remain.

PAGE 43

effect] The word in Coleridge is 'effort.'

the March to Finchley] Painted 1750–1.

Mr Barry] James Barry, R.A. (1741–1806), professor of painting at the Royal Academy, 1782–99. His works were published in two volumes, 1809.

PAGE 44

jonctures] Junctures, joints.

satyr] Satire.

Mr Penny] Edward Penny (1714–91), an original R.A. and the first professor of painting at the Academy.

PAGE 45

Mrs Bunbury] Catherine Horneck, married to Bunbury in 1771. She was the elder sister of Mary Horneck (afterwards Mrs Gwyn), Goldsmith's 'Jessamy Bride,' and was known by him as 'Little Comedy.'

the Foots, the Kenricks] Samuel Foote (1720–77), comic actor and writer of farce. William Kenrick (d. 1779) was notorious for his journalistic attacks upon well-known writers and actors. He attacked Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. Johnson said to Goldsmith, who said that he had never heard of his works, 'Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves *public*, without making themselves *known*' (Boswell). There are many references to Foote in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

PAGE 46

Antinous] The favourite of the emperor Hadrian, renowned as a type of classical beauty.

Mr Burke] See Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*: 'according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in.'

PAGE 47

West] Benjamin West (1738–1820), an American by birth, was one of the original members of the Royal Academy and succeeded Reynolds as president. He was appointed historical painter to George III in 1772. His *Death of Wolfe* was exhibited in 1771.

the Exhibition] The exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held at this time in Somerset House: see *Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 113, 244.

Literary Fund] This society, established for the benefit of deserving authors, held an annual banquet attended by distinguished guests. The president at this date was the eleventh duke of Somerset. Chateaubriand, in *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, pt I, liv. viii, describes a banquet at which, as French ambassador, he was present in 1822.

PAGE 48

the most absolute idea of Virtue] The fidelity of Kent to Lear: see p. 32 above.

genus irritabile] Horace, *Epp.* II, 102, 'genus irritabile vatum,' i.e. 'the irritable race of poets.'

PAGE 49

the Stages of Cruelty] Four pictures, painted in 1750–1.

PAGE 50

Tom Jones] The personages mentioned are from famous eighteenth-century novels. Blifil is the early companion and antithesis, in his smug hypocrisy, to the faulty but good-natured hero of Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749). Strap is the companion in his wanderings of the unscrupulous hero of Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748). Parson Adams affords the chief delight of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742), of which he is to all intents the principal character.

scorn of vice] A quotation from an unknown source.

lacrymæ rerum] Vergil, Aen. I, 462, literally 'the tears of things,' said by Aeneas of the sense of pathos conveyed by the pictures of the Trojan war which he saw in the temple at Carthage.

wink, and shut, etc.] From the prologue to Marston's *Antonio's Revenge* (part II of *Antonio and Mellida*), quoted by Lamb in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* and praised by him 'for its passionate earnestness, and for the note of tragic preparation which it sounds.'

PAGE 51

with Dr Swift] The mention of Swift is, of course, ironical.

Election Entertainment] One of the series of four engravings of *The Election* (1755–8). The framed print referred to by Lamb, with others, hung in his rooms at 4, Inner Temple Lane: when he removed in 1817 to 20, Russell Street, Covent Garden, he had his Hogarth prints bound in a book.

PAGE 53

Doddingtonian] George Bubb Dodington (1691–1762), first baron Melcombe, was treasurer of the navy in the administrations of Henry Pelham and his brother the duke of Newcastle, and earned the reputation of a successful parasite. He was the friend and adviser of George III's father, Frederick, prince of Wales. Pope referred to him satirically as Bubo.

the good old rock] It is uncertain whether Lamb was quoting or not. The metaphor for a strongly marked ancestral quality is common.

poor men] Cf. the essay *Poor Relations* in *Last Essays of Elia*.

unused] Unaccustomed.

Southwark Fair] This engraving was published in 1735.

PAGE 54

Sir Hugh Evans] The priest in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Judith] The oratorio of *Judith*, by Thomas Augustine Arne (1710–78), was first produced as opera at Drury Lane, 27 Feb., 1761. It was produced as oratorio three years later.

Music yet was young] Collins, *The Passions*, ll. 1, 2:

> 'When Music, heavenly Maid, was young,
> While yet in early Greece she sung.'

tearers of devotion] A reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, ii, 11.

Uncle Toby and Mr Shandy] The brothers in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1760–7).

Corregio] Antonio Allegri, called Correggio (1494–1534),

one of the most individual Italian painters; the best examples of his work are at Parma.

Beer Street] The companion print to *Gin Lane*.

PAGE 55

tædium quotidianarum formarum] 'Distaste for the forms of every-day.' See Terence, *Eunuchus*, II, iii, 6: 'taedet cottidianarum harum formarum.'

ON THE CUSTOM OF HISSING AT THE THEATRES

Printed in the same number of *The Reflector* as the previous essay.

Drury-lane theatre] Lamb's farce, *Mr H——*, was prôduced at Drury Lane on 10 Dec., 1806, as an after-piece to the opera of *The Travellers*, and was a failure, the author himself joining in hissing it. See Lamb's letter to Wordsworth, 11 Dec., 1806, and Hazlitt, *On Great and Little Things* (*Table-Talk*, essay XXIII). Lamb, 5 Dec., 1806, in a letter to Manning, mentions the failure of Holcroft's *The Vindictive Man* at the same theatre.

The Clerk of Chatham] See Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. VI*, IV, ii, 92–117.

PAGE 56

summum jus] Referring to the famous proverb *summum jus summa iniuria*, 'justice in its extremest form is the highest injustice,' quoted by Cicero, *De Officiis*, I, x

sibilation] Hissing.

our nonsense, etc.] Mr Lucas, in his edition of Lamb, points out that this story is told in Burnet's *History of his own Times* (ed. 1823, I, 449). It refers to Edward Wolley, a royal chaplain, whom Charles II presented to a living in Suffolk, giving as his reason that Wolley's nonsense suited the nonsense of his blockhead parishioners, who came readily to hear him preach. The living was not in Suffolk, however: it was Toppesfield in Essex. In 1664 Wolley was preferred to the see of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, which he held for some twenty years. Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, praises him for 'his admirable way of preaching and exemplary life and conversation.'

a heap of dust and ashes] The great fire at Drury Lane took place on 24 Feb., 1809. The new theatre, celebrated in Horace and James Smith's *Rejected Addresses*, was opened 10 Oct., 1812.

hic cœstus, etc.] Vergil, *Aen.* v, 484: 'hic victor caestus artemque repono,' the words of the boxer Entellus after slaying the bull which was the prize of his victory over Dares. 'Here I lay aside my gauntlets and my art,' i.e. the gauntlets that are the instrument of my art.

many waters] Ps. xciii, 4; Ezek. xliii, 2, etc.

Don Quixote] Part I, ch. xx: 'They heard, I say, certain blows struck with proportion, with a kind of rattling of irons and chains, which, accompanied by the furious sound of the water, might strike terror into any other heart but Don Quixote's' (Shelton's translation).

PAGE 57

St Anthony] See note on p. 197 above.

Siddons] Sarah Siddons (1755–1831), the famous tragic actress, who took her leave of the stage at Covent Garden the year after this essay appeared. John Braham (d. 1856) was the chief operatic tenor of the day: 'Braham's singing,' writes Lamb to Manning, 26 Feb., 1808, 'when it is impassioned, is finer than Mrs Siddons's or Mr Kemble's acting! and when it is not impassioned, it is as good as hearing a person of fine sense talking. The brave little Jew!' Catalani (Madame Valabrèque) was the great soprano of the same period, who sang in opera at the King's theatre in the Haymarket between 1806 and 1813.

the critics in the *pit*] Lamb employs his favourite habit of punning. For the passage quoted, describing the metamorphosis of Satan and his court to serpents after his return to the pit of hell, see Milton, *Par. Lost*, x, 507–9, 521–6.

PAGE 58

bate the eggs] Alluding to the custom of pelting victims in the pillory with eggs.

exprobration] Upbraiding.

the furca and the patibulum] Both words were used for a yoke in the shape of a fork which was placed upon the necks of condemned criminals, and so were applied to a fork-shaped gallows.

PAGE 59

vertere pollicem] These signs were used at gladiatorial fights, where the thumb turned up meant the death of the defeated combatant: cf. Juvenal, III, 36–7, 'et verso pollice vulgus Quem iubet occidunt populariter,' i.e. 'and they kill anyone for the sake of popularity at the bidding of the mob with bent thumb.' For the approval of an author's work by turning down both thumbs see Horace, *Epp.* I, 1866, 'fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum,' i.e. 'a favourable critic will applaud your play with both his thumbs.'

the O.P. differences] The Old Price riots at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1809 followed the opening of the new theatre, rebuilt after the fire of 1808. John Philip Kemble, the manager, had raised the prices of admission: after a nightly series of riots, extending over two months, he was obliged to yield to the opposition and restore the old prices.

PAGE 60

complicated, head and tail] See the quotation from Milton, p. 57 above.

Linnæus] The Swedish naturalist (1707–78) famous for his systems of classification of natural objects, which, in the case of botany, long held sway.

PAGE 61

Obstinate] See *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

These Adders, etc.] Ps. lviii, 5 (Prayer-book version).

pits] Cf. note on p. 57 above.

PAGE 62

Orpheus] The legendary poet, who charmed even the trees and rocks by his playing on the lyre. Linus was also a mythical poet, in whose honour dirges called λίνοι (linoi) were chanted yearly. Musæus, also purely traditional, was

said to be the son of Orpheus, and is to be distinguished from the later poet of the same name, imitated by Marlowe in *Hero and Leander*.

Æsculapius] The god of medicine.

PAGE **63**

The common damn'd, etc.] Possibly invented by Lamb, from a reminiscence of *King Lear*, v, iii, 210:

'a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society.'

Semel-damnatus] The once-damned.

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES

Printed in the same number of *The Reflector* as the foregoing.

Fleet-market] Near Farringdon Street. This market, which took its name, like the neighbouring Fleet Street, from the Fleet brook, now covered over, was superseded in 1814, when Farringdon Street was widened, by Farringdon market, the main entrance to which was in Stonecutter Street, mentioned on p. 64 above. This in its turn has been removed.

PAGE **64**

pitched] Coated internally with pitch.

Sir Thomas Browne] From *Hydriotaphia: Urne-Burial*, ch. v.

tædium vitæ] Weariness of life: cf. note on p. 194 above.

what sting...what victory, etc.] See 1 Corinthians xv, 55.

PAGE **65**

the Angel and Punchbowl] The sign of an inn.

Cæsar] Referring to the famous story of the death of Augustus, told by Suetonius, *Divus Augustus*, xcix. As Augustus approached his end, he asked for a looking-glass and had his hair done and his face arranged. When his friends came to see him, he asked them 'whether it seemed to them that he had fittingly played his part in life, adding a Greek quotation: "'When the play has been well acted, clap your hands, all of you, and send us actors home with joy.'"

pauper funerals] See *Curious Fragments*, extract IV, pp. 7–10 above.

PAGE 66

fee-simple] Descent of property without any limitation, as opposed to fee-tail, by which property descends to specific heirs. Fee = Lat. *feodum*, a fief or estate held by feudal law.

PAGE 67

the beginning of the last century] Lamb imitates, in this supposed discovery, the type of character-writing which became fashionable in the early part of the seventeenth century and continued in fashion with the essay-writers of the eighteenth.

PAGE 68

the Funeral] Steele's comedy, *The Funeral, or Grief à-la-Mode*, was acted at Drury Lane in the autumn or early winter of 1701 and published shortly afterwards.

in ordine ad spiritualia] With a view to matters spiritual.

exuviæ] The outward trappings of the body.

microcosm] A world in miniature. The idea of man as a microcosm was a familiar notion with Lamb's favourite authors. One of the most famous early collections of character-sketches of this type, by John Earle, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, is called *Microcosmographie, or a Piece of the World discovered in Essays and Characters* (1628).

PAGE 69

transcendent] A term borrowed from medieval philosophy, meaning something that transcends or surpasses ordinary human qualities, as it cannot be included under any recognised category.

self-agency] Personal activity.

PAGE 70

graves, and worms, and epitaphs] Shakespeare, *King Rich. II*, III, ii, 145. 'Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.'

Moriturus] One about to die.

ON THE TRAGEDIES OF SHAKSPEARE

Printed in the fourth and last number of *The Reflector*, Oct. 1811.

Mr Garrick] David Garrick (1717--79), the most celebrated English actor of the eighteenth century. His monument is in the south transept of Westminster Abbey.

Page 71

Tom Davies] The bookseller (d. 1785) in whose shop at 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden, Johnson and Boswell met for the first time. Johnson said of him, 'Sir, Davies has learning enough to give credit to a clergyman.'

Page 72

Mr K.] John Philip Kemble (1757–1823). Mrs S. is Mrs Siddons, his sister: see notes on pp. 212, 213 above. Lamb, a confirmed play-goer, must have seen them act Shakespeare for the first time soon after he left Christ's hospital. Kemble's first appearance in a Shakespearean part in London was as Hamlet at Drury Lane in 1783: Mrs Siddons's earliest appearance in Shakespearean drama at the same theatre was in 1775, the year of Lamb's birth, and was a failure: her reputation as Lady Macbeth was made in 1784.

Page 73

Enfield Speakers] *The Speaker, or Miscellaneous Pieces selected from the best English writers*, by William Enfield, LL.D., published in 1774, and followed by a similar volume of *Exercises in Elocution* (1780).

To be or not to be] *Hamlet*, III, i, 56 sqq.

Page 74

intellectual prize-fighters] The source of this phrase is uncertain.

Clarissa] Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1740), in which the tragic interest of the central episode overcomes the lengthiness of the epistolary form which Richardson adopted in this and his other novels.

PAGE 75

Bajazet] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, part I.

Posthumus] In *Cymbeline*.

As beseem'd, etc.] Milton, *P.L.* IV, 338–40: 'as beseems . . . alone as they.'

Imogen] See *Cymbeline*, I, i; V, v.

Betterton] Thomas Betterton (d. 1710), who first performed the part of Hamlet in 1661, as one of the duke of York's players.

PAGE 76

ore rotundo] 'With studied eloquence,' lit. 'with polished mouth.' See Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 323: 'Graiis dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui.'

PAGE 77

Banks or Lillo] John Banks, playwright, whose dramas, acted between 1677 and 1696, included *Cyrus the Great*, a sensational adaptation of the famous romance *Le Grand Cyrus*. George Lillo (1693–1739) was a popular dramatist, well known as the author of *The London Merchant, or the History of George Barnwell*, first acted in 1731, the foundation of which was a famous murder of the day. This play, as the note on p. 78 shows, was still popular in Lamb's day, and remained so in cheap theatres long afterwards.

PAGE 78

the murder of an uncle] George Barnwell, an apprentice to his uncle, was tempted from honesty by his passion for Martha Millwood, and robbed and murdered the worthy merchant. Thackeray used the story in *George de Barnwell*, the first of *Novels by Eminent Hands*, to parody Lytton's sentimental treatment in fiction of such criminals as Eugene Aram.

the Chamberlain] The lord chamberlain, to whose office belongs the charge of licensing plays.

PAGE 79

Leicester-fields] Now Leicester Square. See Wordsworth's stanzas *Star-gazers*, composed in 1806 and suggested by the

sight of this show: 'The Showman chooseth well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy Square' (l. 5).

sphere of humanity] This phrase is not to be found in Jonson.

PAGE 81

supererogatory love] A reserve fund of love, beyond what can actually be expressed. Lat. *supererogare* = to pay more than is required.

like one of those harlotry players] Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, II, iv, 437.

PAGE 82

the Gamester] This play, by Edward Moore (1712–57), was produced in 1753. Mrs Beverley, the wife of the gamester, is its chief female part.

Belvidera] The heroine of Otway's *Venice Preserved* (see note on p. 206 above). Calista, a name which occurs in three of Massinger's plays, is the heroine of *The Guardian*. *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage* (1694) was a tragedy by Thomas Southerne (1660–1746): Mrs Siddons scored her first great success in the title-*rôle* at Drury Lane in October 1782. Euphrasia, disguised as the page Bellario, plays the leading part in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding*.

the Hills, etc.] Aaron Hill (1685–1750), Arthur Murphy (1727-1805). For Tom Brown see note on p. 201 above. Of Arthur Murphy, Johnson said: 'I don't know that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatic writers; yet at present I doubt much whether we have anything superior to Arthur.' His *Life of David Garrick* was published in 1801.

that affecting sonnet] Sonnet CXI. In l. 4 'public manners' is the correct reading for 'public custom.'

that other confession] Sonnet CX, 1–3.

envy and jealousy] Lamb, in his zeal for making his point, is too hard on Garrick. Johnson in 1773 was more merciful: 'No wonder, sir, that he is vain; a man who is perpetually flattered in every mode that can be conceived. So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder.' With Lamb's view

of Garrick should also be compared Boswell's conversation with Johnson, 19 Oct., 1769: 'I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakespeare; and asked him if he did not admire him. JOHNSON: Yes, as a "poor player, who frets and struts his hour upon the stage"—as a shadow. BOSWELL: But has he not brought Shakespeare into notice? JOHNSON: Sir, to allow that would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted: *Macbeth*, for instance.'

PAGE 83

Wishing me like, etc.] Sonnet XXIX, 5–7.

Tate and Cibber] Nahum Tate (1652–1715), who aided Dryden in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* and was joint author with Nicholas Brady of a famous metrical version of the psalms, produced an adaptation of *King Lear* in 1681, and also revised *Richard II*. Colley Cibber (1671–1757), the hero of Pope's *Dunciad*, altered *Richard III*: his version (1700) has not yet been wholly abandoned for acting purposes, and one line, 'Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!' has become proverbial. Few of Shakespeare's plays escaped alteration and adaptation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Famous instances are Dryden's versions of *Troilus and Cressida* and *The Tempest*, while sir William Davenant's *The Law against Lovers* is a blend of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Garrick abbreviated *The Taming of the Shrew* and produced a new version of *Hamlet*, which was never printed.

With their darkness, etc.] Milton, *P. L.* I, 191.

that interpolated scene] In Cibber's version.

Mr C.] George Frederick Cooke (1756–1811), whose appearance as Richard III (in Cibber's version) at Covent Garden in 1801 was one of the theatrical sensations of the day. One of Lamb's earliest journalistic writings was an article on Cooke in this part, contributed to *The Morning Post* 8 Jan., 1802: this was discovered and reprinted in *The Athenaeum* by James Dykes Campbell in August, 1888.

PAGE 85

Glenalvon] The villain of the tragedy *Douglas*, by John Home (1722–1808), produced at Covent Garden in 1757, and the most celebrated English tragedy of the eighteenth century.

that solemn prelude] *Macbeth*, II, i, 49–61: 'Now o'er the one half-world,' etc.

PAGE 86

immethodized] Separated as regards method.

where it listeth] St John iii, 8.

the heavens themselves] *King Lear*, II, iv, 191–4:

'O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!'

PAGE 87

this Leviathan] See Job xli, 2.

pudder] Pother, confusion.

PAGE 89

their hellish composition] *Macbeth*, IV, i. It may be noted that there are strong arguments against attributing this scene to Shakespeare.

Tom Brown] See note on p. 201 above. The quotation is from *Observations on Virgil, Ovid and Homer* (*Works*, 9th ed. 1760, I, 72): 'Homer not only makes Achilles invulnerable everywhere but in his Heel, but likewise bestows a Suit of impenetrable armour upon his invulnerable body.' Bully Dawson would,' etc. Bully Dawson occurs again as the recipient of one of Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*.

PAGE 90

Dryden] Dryden's *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, acted in 1667 and published in 1670, was written in conjunction with sir William Davenant (1606–68), the patentee of the duke of York's theatre. Prospero was provided with a second daughter, for whom a mate was found in a cousin of Ferdinand who had never seen a woman; while Caliban was supplied with a sister, and Ariel with a sister spirit.

the piazza] The covered walks round Covent Garden, now remaining only on the north side. The square was designed by Inigo Jones upon the Italian Renaissance models which he did so much to popularise in England.

PAGE 91

Orrery Lecturer] Astronomical lectures were delivered at this date in the Haymarket theatre. Charles, fourth earl of Orrery (d. 1731) gave his name to the astronomical instrument forming a model of the planetary system.

Milton] See *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, stt. XIII, XIV. In the quotation (st. XIV) Lamb alters 'will' to 'would,' and the last two lines in the original have 'And Hell...her dolorous mansions...'

PAGE 92

Webb] Mr Lucas says that Webb was a theatrical *costumier* at 98, Chancery Lane.

the two pictures] *Hamlet*, III, iv, 53 sqq.

the banquet-scene] *Macbeth*, III, iv.

PAGE 93

EDAX ON APPETITE

Printed in *The Reflector*, no. IV, with the preceding and two following essays. Edax = a gluttonous person.

verba et voces] Horace, *Epp.* I, i, 34, 35, of avarice; translated by Pope in his imitation of the epistle, addressed to Bolingbroke (ll. 57, 58):

'words, and spells, which can control
Between the fits this fever of the soul,'

literally, 'with which you may assuage this anguish and lay aside a great part of the disease.'

PAGE 94

piacula] Ibid. 36, 37:

'Laudis amore tumes: sunt certa piacula quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello,'

i.e. 'If you are puffed up with love of praise, in reading a little book through three times there is a sure remedy which will

make a new man of you.' *Piaculum* is literally 'a propitiatory sacrifice' which has power to cleanse faults.

a pious clergyman] Although no writer draws more upon his own experience, it is one of Lamb's prevailing characteristics to mingle pure fiction with actual reminiscence.

Page 95

inanition] Emptiness.

Graduses and Thesauruses] A *Gradus ad Parnassum* (step to Parnassus) is a dictionary for the use of writers of Latin verse, giving phrases and synonyms by which the various words can be introduced into a composition. A *Thesaurus* (treasure, treasury) is a lexicon or dictionary.

Ventri natus] These are Latin tags from the class of book alluded to above, all synonyms for a glutton. Ventri natus = born for his stomach; Ventri deditus = given over to his stomach; Vesana gula = raging gluttony; Escarum gurges = an abyss of victuals; Dapibus indulgens = one who is addicted to feasting; Non dans frœna gulæ = one who gives no bridle to his gullet; Sectans lautæ fercula mensæ = one who runs after the courses of a sumptuous table.

in some silent corner] A reminiscence of the supplementary dainties which Lamb's aunt used to bring him in his days at Christ's hospital: see *Essays of Elia*, p. 20.

Page 96

old Baucis] The Phrygian couple, Philemon and Baucis, entertained Zeus and Hermes in mortal form, when hospitality was refused them elsewhere, and were rewarded by being saved from the flood. The story, from Ovid, *Metam.* VIII, was told in verse by Swift, to whom it was suggested by a legend of transformation connected with two yew-trees in the churchyard at Chilthorne Domer, Somerset.

holy rage of hunger] Adapted from Vergil's description of avarice, *Aen.* III, 57: 'auri sacra fames.'

PAGE 97

Heliogabalus] Elagabalus, Roman emperor A.D. 218–222, notorious for his effeminacy and luxury.

long-continued meals] See De Quincey's entertaining and discursive essay on *The Casuistry of Roman meals.*

Curii and Dentati] Manius Curius Dentatus, one of the most celebrated generals of the Roman republic, who conquered Pyrrhus in 275 B.C., was celebrated for his frugality. Lamb was probably thinking of the race of Roman and Italian heroes, the 'genus acre virum' praised by Vergil (*Georg.* II, 157, etc.), as the offspring of his native land.

Dentatus] Toothed.

increase of appetite] Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, ii, 144–5: 'As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on.

Noah and his descendants] Gen. ix, 3, 4.

Mandeville] Bernard Mandeville (d. 1733) published *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits* in 1714. The book maintained a cynical theory of human nature which gave rise to considerable controversy. The story occurs in the Remarks added to the book under letter P.

PAGE 98

lusus naturæ] Freak of nature.

PAGE 99

in petto] In secret. An Italian phrase, literally 'in the breast.' Thus cardinals whose appointment is privately reserved by the pope, to be proclaimed at a later date, are said to be cardinals *in petto.*

PAGE 100

minims] See note on p. 199 above.

fearful] Trembling, apprehensive.

Pliny] Caius Plinius Secundus major, the author of the *Historia Naturalis*, a collection of noteworthy scientific facts which was frequently imitated by the compilers of the middle ages and Renaissance.

PAGE **101**

O fortunate] See Vergil, *Georg.* II, 458: 'O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!'

concoctive] Mingling different ingredients, literally 'cooking together.'

PAGE **102**

that which goes into the mouth] St Matth. xv, 11.

HOSPITA ON THE IMMODERATE INDULGENCE OF THE PLEASURES OF THE PALATE

This letter formed the second part of the same article as the foregoing. *Hospita* = hostess.

PAGE **104**

Pythagoreans] The philosopher Pythagoras is said to have forbidden his disciples the use of animal food.

a solecism in terms] An ignorant blunder in the language of a phrase. 'Solecism' is derived from the town of Soli in Cilicia, the inhabitants of which were notorious for their bad Greek.

PAGE **105**

Anthropophagism] Cannibalism.

scarcity] Owing to the war with France and Napoleon's policy of the continental blockade.

Mr Malthus] Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834), fellow of Jesus college, Cambridge, and professor of history and political economy at the East India college, Haileybury. His celebrated *Essay on the Principles of Population*, published in 1798, was followed by other works dealing with aspects of the same subject.

PAGE **106**

THE GOOD CLERK

Also printed in *The Reflector*, no. IV. This character belongs to the type of which an example has been given in the essay *On Burial Societies*. Lamb's own position as a clerk in the India house gives the essay a subtle humour of the kind in which he delighted.

PAGE 107

first at the desk] One is reminded of the story of the official at the East India house who, on saying, 'I notice, Lamb, that you come very late every morning,' received the answer 'Yes, but see how early I go.'

PAGE 109

under the rose] The origin of this phrase, Lat. *sub rosa*, is due to the fact that with the ancients the rose was the symbol of secrecy; and a rose or wreath of roses hung up at entertainments signified that conversation was private and not to be repeated outside.

dexter ear] Right ear.

PAGE 110

Drayton] From the elegy *Upon the noble Lady Aston's departure for Spain*, 38–9: Lamb writes 'Isle' for 'Island.' Gripple = griping, avaricious.

The Complete English Tradesman] One of the numerous miscellaneous works of Daniel Defoe (d. 1731), originally published in 1726–7. Defoe's method of irony is difficult to distinguish from seriousness, and his famous satire, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, was mistaken as inculcating the policy which it satirised. It is this power of identifying himself with a point of view not necessarily his own which gives so much of his fiction the appearance of reported fact.

who presented] For Mandeville, see note on p. 223 above. The second edition of *The Fable of the Bees* (1723) was presented for immorality by the Grand Jury of Middlesex.

PAGE 112

Bedlam] The chief London mad-house, originally founded in 1247 as the hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem, on a site outside Bishopsgate, now mostly occupied by part of Liverpool Street station. When Defoe wrote, the hospital had been taken down in 1675 and a new one built in Moorfields. In 1812, the year after Lamb wrote this essay, the present Bethlem Royal hospital was begun in St George's fields, Lambeth.

PAGE **113**

as Solomon says] Prov. xxii, 7.

L. B.] Signifying L[am]b.

PAGE **114**

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1813. Three prefatory paragraphs, dealing with suggested reforms of alleged abuses in the method of presentation of boys to the school by the governors, were omitted in the *Works* of 1818. The essay should be compared throughout with *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty years ago* in *Essays of Elia*.

pabulum] Food.

not by bread] St Matth. iv, 4: 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'

res angusta domi] Narrow domestic circumstances.

PAGE **115**

the old Grey Friars] Christ's hospital was founded by Edward VI upon the site of the suppressed monastery of Franciscan friars, founded in the thirteenth century. The school was removed in 1902 to new buildings near Horsham, and the site is now covered by annexes to the General Post office and St Bartholomew's hospital. It will be remembered that Thackeray disguised the neighbouring Charterhouse under the name 'Grey Friars.'

Verrio, Lely] Antonio Verrio (d. 1707), an Italian painter employed by the later Stewarts at Windsor, Hampton court and Whitehall, and by noblemen at many great houses to decorate walls and ceilings. See Pope, *Moral Essays*, IV, 145–6:

> 'On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
> Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre.'

Sir Peter Lely (1618–80), a Dutchman, was the favourite portrait-painter of the reign of Charles II.

PAGE **118**

Philip Quarll's Island] Mr Lucas refers to an imitation of *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1727 under the title *The Hermit*.

supererogatory] See note on p. 218 above.

PAGE 122

the Rev. James Boyer] His methods of discipline are described by Lamb in the essay on *Christ's Hospital* in *Elia*. See also Coleridge's account of him, *Biog. Lit.* ch. 1, and Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*.

the staff] Boyer had industriously employed the rod as a master at Christ's hospital, and Lamb's mention of this last reward has its humorous point. Boyer retired in 1799 to the living of Colne Engaine, Essex, in the gift of the governors of Christ's hospital, and died in 1814, the year after these words were written.

PAGE 125

Muftis] A mufti is the equivalent of a priest in Mohammedan countries, charged with the exposition of the law.

Janisaries] The personal guards of the Sultan of Turkey.

PAGE 126

William Wales] Died 1798. He accompanied Cook in his second voyage (1772–5) as mathematical observer on board the *Resolution*.

PAGE 127

Newington] Stoke Newington. The New River, completed in 1613 by the exertions of sir Hugh Myddleton, furnished London with water from a spring at Little Amwell, near Ware, which it brought to Clerkenwell. Lamb lived from 1823 to 1827 beside the New River at Colebrooke cottage, Islington.

annual orations] Part of the picture of *St Matthew's day at Christ's hospital* which was painted by Stothard in 1799, representing a Grecian declaiming and Boyer, in his wig and spectacles, looking on, is reproduced by Lucas, *Life of Lamb*, 1, 54.

PAGE 128

Joshua Barnes] 1654–1712, fellow of Emmanuel college and Regius professor of Greek at Cambridge (1695). Jeremiah Markland (1693–1776) was fellow and tutor of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and distinguished for Latin scholarship. William Camden (1551–1623), Clarenceux king-at-arms from 1597,

was the most famous English antiquary of his age: he was educated at Christ's hospital and St Paul's school, and, as head-master of Westminster, taught Ben Jonson.

gaudy day] Day of joy. At Oxford the annual college festivals, upon the day of foundation or of the patron saint, are still called gaudies.

PAGE **129**

But, ah!] The author of these lines, George Dyer (1755–1841), is celebrated by Lamb in *Oxford in the Vacation* (*Essays of Elia*) and *Amicus Redivivus* (*Last Essays of Elia*). For a general account of him see Lucas, *Life of Lamb*, ch. xiv. His *Poetics* was published in 1812.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS

Printed in *The Champion* of 4 Dec., 1814. The motto is from Vergil, *Aen.* VI, 617–8, where the punishment of Theseus in Hades is described: 'The luckless Theseus sitteth and shall for ever sit.' Certain omissions and alterations were made in 1818.

mercurial] Volatile, changeable in temperament with a disposition to cheerfulness; used of persons born under the influence of the planet Mercury.

his peculiar infirmity] The superstition that a peacock is ashamed of his legs is alluded to by sir Thomas Browne, *Pseud. Epid.* III, xxvii.

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At my nativity] Browne, *Relig. Medici*, II, § 11. Lamb quoted from memory: the opening sentence should run, 'At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius.'

Aries] The Ram, the first sign of the zodiac.

galliardize] Cheerful sport, Fr. *gaillardise*.

ore proprio] With his own mouth.

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frize] Frieze.

imprese] A device stamped, imprinted. Charles Brandon, created duke of Suffolk in 1514, was secretly married in 1515 to Henry VIII's sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII of France. The device referred to the saddle-cloth, half of

frieze and half of cloth of gold, which Brandon's horse wore at a tournament in Paris:

'Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold;
Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frieze.'

Iris] Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XI, 244: 'Iris had dipt the woof.'

Eliot's famous troop] The 15th Hussars, commanded by George Augustus Eliott, created baron Heathfield of Gibraltar in 1787. Among his recruits were a number of tailors, then on strike.

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Jacques] Usually spelt Jaques. The passage is quoted inaccurately from *As You Like It*, IV, i, 10–15: 'I have neither ...emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these'

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cabbalistic] Secret, mysterious. The Cabala was the Hebrew name for a body of tradition handed down orally: the word thus is applied to any body of secret tradition communicated to the members of an order or society.

certain melancholy regions] The 'tailor's hell,' the receptacle for refuse cloth beneath his shop-board.

Mr John Dennis] The critic (1657–1734), well known for his controversy with Pope. The narrative in question was a lampoon written by Pope himself.

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envious Junos] The legend of Juno's endeavours to hinder the birth of Hercules is referred to by Browne, *Pseud. Epid.* V, xxii.

decussated] Set cross-wise. Latin *decussis* = the number X.

Burton] *Anat. of Melancholy*, part I, § ii, mem. ii, subs. i. Lamb omits 'colewort' before 'melons.' Cf. the passage in subsection V of part I, § ii, mem. v, 'Causes of Melancholy from the whole Body,' which mentions bad diet and contains the

sentence: '*Mercurialis*, out of *Averroes* and *Avicenna*, condemns all herbs: *Galen, lib.* 3 *de loc. affect. cap.* 7, especially cabbage' (ed. Shilleto, I, 428–9).

the sole food] The pieces of cloth cut off by tailors while cutting clothes, and kept for their own use, were called 'cabbages.' Hence 'to cabbage'=to pilfer.

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THE GENTLE GIANTESS

Printed in *The London Magazine* for Dec. 1822, and included in the second series of *Elia* published at Philadelphia in 1828. Lucas (*Life of Lamb*, II, 28) shows that here, as in *Oxford in the Vacation* (*Essays of Elia*), Lamb used material from his summer visit to Cambridge in 1820, transferring it to Oxford. The 'widow Blacket' is his Cambridge landlady, Mrs Smith, of whom some of the details recorded here are contained in an undated letter from Lamb to Dorothy Wordsworth.

the maid's aunt of Brainford] See Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV, ii. Brainford=Brentford.

Atlantean shoulders] Shoulders as broad as those on which the Titan Atlas was condemned, for his part in the rebellion against Zeus, to bear the universe.

pinguitude] Abundance of fat.

Sirius] The dog-star.

She dates] I.e. she reckons dates.

pervious] Accessible from one end to the other.

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her favourite park] The park of Woodstock.

relieved marching] Marching with intervals.

Maudlin] Magdalen college. The six asterisks probably conceal the name of one of Lamb's Cambridge friends; the Cambridge colleges in question, according to Lamb's letter to Dorothy Wordsworth, were Trinity and St John's.

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Maudlin grove] Cf. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Epp. II, ii, 56: 'To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.'

true monks] Cf. Gibbon's characterisation in his *Autobiography* of the fellows of his college as 'the monks of Magdalen.'

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a tun of Heidelburg] The great tun in the cellar of the castle of Heidelberg, made in 1751, with a capacity of 49,000 gallons.

the black ox's pressure] The phrase 'the black ox has trod on his foot' was used of a person on whom age is beginning to tell.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN

Printed in *The London Magazine* for Jan. 1825 and included in the American second series of *Elia*.

your admirable Opium-Eater] De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium-eater* were printed in *The London Magazine* for 1821, between which time and 1824 he was a frequent contributor. The Letters referred to are the five *Letters to a Young Man whose education has been neglected*.

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Charles Cotton] 1630–87, the friend of Izaak Walton and author of the second part of *The Compleat Angler*. His *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie*, a burlesque of the first book of the *Aeneid*, was published in 1664.

Mr Grierson] Apparently an imaginary person.

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Rumford] Romford, Essex.

impresses] See note on p. 228 above.

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a Tyro] A beginner, literally a recruit.

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to remember him] Peter the great died in 1725, somewhat before the supposed old gentleman's time.

disparate] Incapable of comparison.

Dartmoor] The mention of Dartmoor as a likely home for persons whose years are in advance of their information

suggests an allusion to convicts. The war-prison built in 1809, however, was not turned into a convict prison until 1850, and at this particular time was unoccupied. The allusion is purely to the remoteness of the district.

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Buchanan and Busby] George Buchanan (1506–82), the author of a Latin history of Scotland and tutor of James I. Richard Busby (1606–95) was head-master of Westminster school for fifty-seven years, from 1638 to his death.

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Mr Hartlib] Samuel Hartlib, a Pole by birth, to whom Milton dedicated his treatise *On Education* (1644).

punctualities] Details of punctuation.

tetralogy] Gr. τετραλογία, a series of four dramas performed in connexion.

Cook, or Ortelius] James Cook (1728–79), the famous circumnavigator. Abraham Ortelius (1527-98), born at Antwerp, published *Theatrum orbis terrarum*, the earliest atlas, in 1570.

Orphic fragments] The fragments of poetry attributed to Orpheus, and belonging in part to the early classical era, dealt with the system of religion and the universe followed by the votaries of the rites which derived their name from Orpheus.

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intercalaries] Days inserted in the calendar to make it agree with the solar year.

for it is a globe] I.e. it is a mistake to believe that it is flat.

catechetically] In the form of a catechism.

instituted] Instructed.

elder Phrygian] A reference to the story told by Herodotus (II, ii) of Psammitichus, king of Egypt, who, wishing to discover the nation from which mankind was derived, gave two new-born children to a shepherd, to be brought up in a desert place without hearing anyone speak. When the children themselves were able to speak, the first word which

the shepherd heard them utter was βεκὸς (*bĕkos*). This the king discovered to be the Phrygian word for bread, and therefore concluded that, as the children expressed themselves instinctively in the Phrygian dialect, the human race was descended from the people of Phrygia.

Wattsian] Isaac Watts (1674–1748), celebrated as a writer of hymns.

whence you may discern] Milton wrote 'where I will point you.'

prospects] In Milton 'prospect.'

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GUY FAUX

This article, as it appeared in *The London Magazine* for Nov. 1823, was an enlargement and revision of an essay contributed to no. 11 of *The Reflector* early in 1811. The first three paragraphs were new in 1823. The essay was included in the American second series of *Elia* in 1828. The subject of the Gunpowder plot was a favourite subject for humorous speculation with Lamb; and Carlyle, who visited him at Enfield in Nov. 1831 and was utterly incapable of understanding his temperament, felt the superior disgust of a serious mind at his remark, 'There are just two things I regret in England's history: first, that Guy Fawkes' plot did not take effect (there would have been so glorious an *explosion*); second, that the Royalists did not hang Milton (then we might have laughed at them).'

A very ingenious and subtle writer] Hazlitt. The article alluded to was one of a series which appeared in Leigh Hunt's paper, *The Examiner*, in Nov. 1821.

Douay] The famous college for English Roman Catholic students, founded in 1568 by William Allen, afterwards cardinal. The university of Douai was founded six years earlier by Philip II of Spain. The college was dispersed at the French revolution.

M—th] The college of Maynooth, co. Kildare, thirteen miles from Dublin, was founded in 1795 for the education of the Irish priesthood.

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Codrus] The last king of Athens, who, to avert the prophecy which said that Athens would be conquered if its king were spared, sacrificed his life in the Dorian camp. The author appears to have confused Codrus with the legendary Roman hero Curtius, who leaped into the gulf in the forum.

the Spanish conqueror] Cortes.

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Loyola] Ignatius Loyola (1491–1556), who founded the Society of Jesus in 1534.

Jeremy Taylor] 1613–67; bishop of Down and Connor, 1661. A fellow of Caius college, Cambridge, he was brought to Oxford by Laud and given a fellowship at All Souls'. The sermon in question was preached at St Mary's, Oxford, in 1638.

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Adramelech] See II Kings xix, 37.

Haman] See Esther iii.

Caligula] Roman emperor A.D. 37–41. His passion for executing his subjects was so great that he wished that the Roman people had only one head, so that he could strike it off at a blow.

actuated] Put into action.

The Sicilian evensong] The Sicilian vespers was the name given to the massacre of 31 March 1282 which put an end to the rule of the French under Charles of Anjou in Sicily. The massacre of St Bartholomew (24 Aug. 1572) took place in the small hours of the morning, which gave Taylor his opportunity for an antithesis.

καπνοῦ σκιᾶς ὄναρ] *Kapnou skias onar*, a combination of two expressions, *καπνοῦ σκία*, the shadow of smoke, and *σκιᾶς ὄναρ*, the dream of a shadow.

In tam, etc.] 'In so busy an age wickedness did not invent popular legends,' i.e. such stories as the burning of the temple at Ephesus by Herostratus in B.C. 356.

populare odium] 'An object of popular hatred.'

threnes] Lamentations, from Gr. *θρῆνος* (*thrēnos*) = a dirge.

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Bistonii stabulum, etc.] From Sidonius Apollinaris (d. 488) *Carmina*, XXII, 1, 2. 'The stable of the Bistonian king, the altars of Busiris, the board of Antiphates and the Taurian kingdoms of Thoas.' Diomedes, king of the Bistones in Thrace, fed his mares upon human flesh and was slain by Hercules. Busiris, king of Egypt, sacrificed all strangers who came to his country: Hercules, on being led a victim to his altar, broke his bonds and killed the king. Antiphates, king of the cannibal Laestrygones, was slain by Ulysses and his companions. Thoas, king of Lemnos, was saved by his daughter Hypsipyle from the slaughter of the men of Lemnos by the women, and found security in Tauris, where he and his descendants reigned and where Iphigenia found safety as a priestess of Artemis. 'The Taurian kingdoms of Thoas' appears to be an elegant allusion to the escape of Thoas from the Lemnian massacre, and not a reflexion upon his tyranny.

hieroglyphical] The Egyptians expressed their religious thought in pictures which took the place of writing, called in Greek ἱερογλυφικὰ (*hierogluphika*), i.e. sacred carvings.

gemmulæ] 'Young buds.'

minutes] *Minutiae*, trifles.

Stragem, etc.] The quotation is adapted from two hymns in the *Cathemerina* (i.e. daily hymns) of the early Christian poet Aurelius Prudentius Clemens. The first four lines are from the Christmas hymn, no. XI, 41–4, quoted literally by Taylor, with the substitution of *Principum* for *Gentium* in the second line. The last three are founded upon no. V, 81–4, 'Quae tandem poterit,' etc.; but the words *struis...perfido* are substituted by Taylor for a reference to the punishment of Pharaoh by the plagues of Egypt. The meaning is: 'This slaughter, however, the Christ of the princes who were involved in ruin did not suffer with impunity, lest haply His Father's house should perish. What tongue, then, can repeat Thy praises, Christ, who layest low in defeat the faithless people with their treacherous leader!' The punctuation in the third line is wrong, as the comma in modern texts of Prudentius

comes, not after *Impune*, but after *Principum*, i.e. 'Christ did not suffer the slaughter, lest His Father's house should perish with impunity.'

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Guido Vaux] Guy Fawkes was an Englishman, born at York. Vaux and Fawkes are both forms of the same name; but there is no reason for Englishmen to call him by the Italian name Guido.

Guy of Warwick] The legendary hero from whom the house of Beauchamp, earls of Warwick, traced a mythical descent.

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T. Baskett] See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 249. Lamb seems to have made a mistake in the date of his edition of this illustrated prayer-book, which was first published in 1713. The print described does not appear in the small later editions.

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the Red-Book] The official peerage. The term is now used of the Court Directory.

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this English Napoleon] Referring to Napoleon's creation of a new peerage in France, composed of his marshals and ministers of state.

the Shallows] See Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, i, 16, 17: 'They may give the dozen white luces in their coat.'

reed tipt with fire] From the description of the cannons used by Satan's host in Milton, *P. L.* I, 578–80:

> 'at each behind
> A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
> Stood waving tipt with fire.'

quorum pars magna fuit] 'In which he had played a chief part.' An adaptation of Vergil, *Aeneid* II, 5.

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nitrous] Nitre is equivalent to saltpetre.

Bellamy's room] The refreshment bar of the house of commons.

Berenice's curls] This pleasantry, when the essay appeared

in its first form in *The Reflector*, was continued by personalities assigning places in the solar system to Tory notabilities, and ending with the phrase, 'the gentle Castlereagh curdles in the Milky Way.'

St Stephen] The patron saint of parliament. The free chapel of St Stephen in the palace of Westminster was founded by Edward III.

Pride's Purge] The *coup d'état* of 1648 by which the army obtained control of parliament. Its agent, colonel Pride, excluded from the house of commons and arrested the members who, forming a majority, were in favour of coming to terms with Charles I.

Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake] The early divisions of the country for the purposes of local government. Hundreds are divisions of counties of various sizes, large in some counties, small in others. Wapentakes take their place or the place of earlier groups of hundreds in Yorkshire and other counties affected by the Danish invasion. A tithing is a group of ten or more freeholders bound together by common legal responsibilities, and corresponding in the southern parts of England to a township.

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the Septennial Act] Passed in 1716, providing for the duration of parliament for seven years after a general election.

Elia] In *The Reflector* this essay was signed 'Speculator.'

NUGÆ CRITICÆ

Lamb's first article under the general title *Nugae Criticae* (Critical Trifles) was printed in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1823 and was included in *Last Essays of Elia* as *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney*. This second article appeared in *The London Magazine* for Nov. 1823. The passage referred to is in *Tempest*, I, ii, 266–7.

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The Spectator] See *The Spectator*, no. 1.

John Ogilby] Cosmographer to Charles II, born 1600, died 1676. He was by profession a printer, but wrote

voluminously, translating Homer, Vergil and Aesop and writing many geographical works. His bulky productions are referred to satirically by Dryden (*MacFlecknoe*, 102), Oldham (in the satire in which Spenser is represented as dissuading him from poetry) and Pope (*Dunciad*, I, 141: 'Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great').

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Twenty first] The actual date of the storm was 25th October.

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Marabou] A marabout, in Arabic *murabit*, is a Mohammedan hermit or solitary monk.

Sala] Salaam, Arabic *salam*.

the authorities] Johannes Leo was an Arab geographer, born at Granada about the end of the fifteenth century, and known as Africanus from his description of Africa, which he translated into Italian. Luis Marmol y Carvajal (1520–99), also a native of Granada, took part in Charles V's expedition to Tunis and was held prisoner by the Moors for eight years: he wrote a history of the wars against the infidels, embracing a description of Africa. Jean-Baptiste Gramaye (d. 1635) was a native of Antwerp, historian and traveller. Braeves is François Savary de Brèves (1560–1628), ambassador of France at the Sublime Porte and a distinguished orientalist. The others I am unable to identify. Johannes Leo, who appears to have received his name after his conversion to Christianity and baptism by Leo X, is frequently referred to by Burton as Leo Afer and by Browne in *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* as Leo Africanus.

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THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEFUNCT

This essay appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* for Jan. 1825. State lotteries were legalised and regulated as a means of raising public revenue by the act of 19 George III, c. 21 (1778–9), and were abolished by the statute of 6 George IV (1825), shortly after the appearance of this article, when,

as the note states, they were already moribund. The motto comes from Dryden's elegy *On the Death of a very young Gentleman*, 9, 10, with 'remain' altered to 'remains.' The abbé de Vertot, referred to in the note, was René Aubert (1565–1735), author of a history of the Knights of St John and other works.

Napoleon] Napoleon had been dead for nearly four years.

child and champion of Jacobinism] See Coleridge, *Letters*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1, 227. The phrase comes from Coleridge's report in *The Morning Post* of Pitt's speech, 17 Feb., 1800, on the continuance of war with France. The phrase, in Coleridge's original notes, was 'the nursling and champion,' etc.

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epicedium] A funeral poem, elegy.

multis ille, etc.] Horace, *Carm.* 1, xxiv, 9: 'He (Quintilius) is dead, an object of mourning to many good men.'

alembic...sublimised] Alchemical terms. The alembic is the distilling apparatus which sublimised or sublimated the substance treated, i.e. caused it to give forth vapour.

sensorium] The brain, the seat of feeling.

Alnaschar] The barber's youngest brother in *The Arabian Nights*.

then drawing] I.e. which was then being drawn.

converting] Turning.

Gog and Magog] The two legendary giants, connected with the mythical story of the foundation of London by the Trojans, whose wooden statues, carved in 1708, are in the Guildhall.

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the blind Goddess] Fortune, 'the bountiful blind woman' of Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, 1, ii, 38–9. The cornucopia, or horn of plenty, was the horn of the goat Amalthea who suckled Zeus, endowed by him with miraculous abundance.

the Parcæ] The three Fates, Clotho the spinner, Lachesis the disposer of lots, and Atropos, 'the blind Fury with the abhorred shears' of Milton, *Lycidas* 75, the Fate which cannot be avoided.

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his namesake] Sir Epicure Mammon: see Jonson, *The Alchemist*, II, i. In the quotation 'dissolved in pearl' (l. 5) should be 'dissolved pearl': Marcus Gabius Apicius (l. 6) was a celebrated *gourmand* who lived under Tiberius. Calvered salmons (l. 9) are fresh salmon sliced up, scalded with wine and water and salt and boiled in white-wine vinegar (Nares, *Glossary*). Knots or knats and godwits (l. 10) are edible birds of the snipe family.

Danaë] The mother of Perseus, visited by Zeus in the form of a shower of gold.

Protean] Ever changing, from Proteus, the keeper of the seals of Poseidon, who attempted to elude the necessity of prophesying by changing into divers forms.

Rings, gaudes, etc.] Shakespeare, *Mids. Night's Dream*, I, i, 33–4.

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Baucis and Philemon] See note on p. 222 above.

Ignis fatuus] Wild-fire, Will o' the Wisp.

The fear of ill, etc.] Fairfax, *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, I, 82, translated from Tasso, 'E l' aspettar del male è mal peggiore, Fosse che non parebbe il mal presente.'

Men are but, etc.] Dolabella's words in Dryden, *All for Love*, IV, i, 43.

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Crede quod habes, et habes] 'Think that you have something, and you have it,' i.e. the imagination is as good as the reality while it lasts.

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numerical configurations] Apparitions of numbers, taken as omens of fortune in the lottery.

Cocker] Edward Cocker (1631–75) published in 1664 a famous manual of arithmetic, the origin of the expression 'according to Cocker' (i.e. exact, correct).

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Massinger's Luke] Luke Frugal, the avaricious hypocrite in Massinger's *The City Madam*.

Pope's Sir Balaam] See *Moral Essays*, IV, 339–402. The quotation 'now tempts,' etc., is from l. 352:

'But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.'

the Guardian] Lamb probably mistook his reference.

Dr Johnson] Johnson's words, as reported in Cooke's Life of Foote (see Hill, *Johnson Misc.* II, 394), were 'Why, it is pleasant enough for the present; but all these things, David, make death very terrible.'

M. de Chateaubriand] Chateaubriand's pamphlet, *Le roi est mort: vive le roi !* appeared after the death of Louis XVIII (16 Sept., 1824). Chateaubriand thought that this welcome to the new sovereign of France did for Charles X what his pamphlet *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons*, published after Napoleon's first exile, had done for Louis XVIII. Lamb's references to contemporary French literature are rare: in a letter of 19 July 1827 to P. G. Patmore, then on his way to France, he says: 'If there is any thing new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty Briant is well, I hope.'

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UNITARIAN PROTESTS

Printed in *The London Magazine* for Feb. 1825. In a letter to Miss Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law, 20 Jan. 1825, Lamb says: 'In the next Number I figure as a theologian! and have attacked my late brethren, the Unitarians. What Jack-Pudding tricks I shall play next, I know not; I am almost at the end of my tether.' In a previous letter of 11 Nov. 1824 he had given the same correspondent the account of an unwarranted rumour about Coleridge heard from 'a clergyman of Southey's "Church of England,"' on which he comments: 'O Southey, Southey, how long would it be before you would find one of us Unitarians propagating such unwarrantable scandal!'

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meats which had been offered unto idols] See Acts xv, 29; 1 Cor. viii and x, 19, 28: Rev. ii, 14, 20.

Prefects and Exarchats] The *praefectus*, like Festus (Acts xxiv, 27), was the governor of a province of the Roman empire. An exarchate was a principality dependent upon the empire and governed by a prince, like Agrippa (Acts xxv, xxvi), or a commissioner to whom the imperial authority was delegated. Thus in the later days of the empire, the exarch of Ravenna represented the imperial power in Italy.

Laodicean] The church of Laodicea (Rev. iii, 14–22) was guilty of lukewarmness and pride in riches. Lamb probably confused it in his memory with the churches of Pergamos and Thyatira, against which the accusation of eating meat sacrificed to idols was laid.

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The Quaker character] Individual Unitarians also suffered under the Commonwealth, e.g. John Biddle (1615–62). The Toleration act of 1689 secured liberty of affirmation to the Quakers; and the repeal of the Test act (1673) in 1828 removed the restrictions upon other dissenters which they had hitherto evaded by the practice of occasional conformity.

nay-word] A word of naught.

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the Essex-street Liturgy] The Unitarian chapel was in Essex Street, Strand: see *My Relations* in *Essays of Elia*. Essex hall, on this site, is still the official centre of Unitarianism in London.

alimonies] Legal maintenances for wives living separately from their husbands.

Filii Nullius] Nobody's sons.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY

Printed in *The London Magazine* for March 1825 and included in the unauthorised American second series of *Elia*, 1828. The pillory was in Cornhill, on the south side of the Royal Exchange. This form of punishment was practically abolished by statute in 1816, when it was nominally restricted to cases of perjury and subornation of perjury.

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Ketch] Jack Ketch, a nickname for the common executioner, derived from John Ketch (d. 1686) who officiated at the death of the duke of Monmouth and other political victims.

the shipman's card] The mariners' compass: cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, iii, 17.

this mystery] In the sense of 'rite, solemnity.'

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myrrh or frankincense] Lamb follows up the conceit of the 'strangers come so far from the east.'

missive] Literally 'something that is sent.' Lamb plays on the kindred sense of 'missive' and 'missile.'

addle] Empty-headed, addled as an egg.

Olla Podridas] *olla podrida* (literally 'rotten pot') is a Spanish name for a mixed dish like Irish stew.

Discase] Strip, put off one's case or outward covering; cf. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v, i, 85. The 'case' is here a house, and Lamb was probably playing on the Latin *casa*: 'case,' however, is actually derived from *capsa*, a box.

nubbling] A nubble is a small lump of coal.

australian] Lat. *australis* =southern.

ephemeral Romans] I.e. citizens merely for the day, as coming from the opposite side of the river. The allusions to limbo and purgatory refer to the intermediate condition of the populace of the Surrey side, neither in London nor yet wholly out of it.

visnomy] Physiognomy.

a quotidian merely] A mere common daily object.

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a westerly aspect] Fashionable painters naturally found their custom in the west end of London, round the court of St James'.

Sir Thomas Lawrence] President of the Royal Academy 1820–30, and one of the greatest of English portrait-painters.

window tax] This tax, levied upon all windows in a house

exceeding nine, was imposed by statute in 1695 and subsequently was applied to all windows exceeding six.

recluse] Shut off.

inducted] Induction is the act by which an incumbent becomes possessed of the temporal goods of his living. The act of institution, by which the bishop or his representative admits him to the cure of souls, is followed by the direction of a mandate for his induction to the local archdeacon.

tenth or first fruit] The tenth part of the yearly value of all livings was claimed by the pope, as well as the whole amount of the first year's income assessed at a fixed rate. These tributes were granted to the Crown after the breach between England and Rome, and were converted by queen Anne in 1704–5 into a fund for the augmentation of small livings known as Queen Anne's Bounty.

a Brentford competitor] Alluding to the story of the two rival kings of Brentford.

a winged messenger] See Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 26–30.

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overseer] *Episcopus* (Gr. ἐπίσκοπος), in English 'bishop,' means literally an overseer.

Esau palms] See Gen. xxvii.

the grovelling stocks] The stocks were in a cage below the pillory.

Bastwick] John Bastwick (1593–1654) and William Prynne (1600–69), puritan controversialists, were victims of the pillory in the reign of Charles I. Daniel Defoe was pilloried in 1703 for his satire, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. John Shebbeare (1709–88) received this punishment in 1758 for a political libel in a pamphlet against the legislature, his *Sixth letter to the people of England*.

Exchange] The Royal Exchange was founded by sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Elizabeth. The original building, completed in 1570, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and was succeeded by the building, designed by Edward Jerman, which still existed in Lamb's day. This

was burned down in 1838, and the present building, designed by sir William Tite, was erected in 1844.

all your kings] The statues of the kings mentioned in the note. There is a statue of Charles II in a corner of the present Exchange. The statues, from Edward I onwards, stood in niches over the piazzas or covered walks by which the interior, then open to the air, was surrounded.

He closed the Exchequer] In January, 1672, when the repayment of loans made by bankers to the exchequer was stopped, with a promise to pay interest which was unfulfilled.

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THE LAST PEACH

Printed in *The London Magazine* for April 1825. The story included is probably a reminiscence of Lamb's childhood at Blakesware.

that unfortunate man] Henry Fauntleroy, partner in a London bank, executed for forgery in 1824. This was the last execution for forgery before the repeal of the penal statutes in 1826–7.

aspics] Asps.

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the babe F——] Fauntleroy.

fearfully made] Ps. cxxxix, 14.

dactylomania] A madness of the fingers, i.e. a mania for pilfering.

Bow-street] The police station near Covent Garden.

Suspensurus] One about to hang. Cf. *Pensilis*, p. 202 above.

A POPULAR FALLACY

Printed in *The New Monthly Magazine* for June 1826. The whole series of *Popular Fallacies* numbered nineteen, of which sixteen were published in *Last Essays of Elia* under that title, and two as *The Sanity of True Genius* and *The Genteel Style in Writing* respectively. In point of time, this is the latest but one of the series, the last appearing in Sept. 1826.

Camden] William Camden (1551–1623), Clarenceux king-at-arms; see note on pp. 227, 228 above. Sir William Dugdale (1605–86), Garter king-at-arms, famous as the historian of Warwickshire and the first editor of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, published his *Baronage of England* in 1675–6. John Selden (1584–1654), jurist and antiquary, published *Titles of Honour* in 1614. All have equal claims to laboriousness, but the special praise for exactness attributed to Selden by Lamb is peculiarly his.

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patent] The letters patent by which a peerage is created.

Mr Anstey] John Anstis (1669–1744), author of *The Register of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.*

dormant] A peerage which is not extinct but in a state of abeyance or suspension, owing to the temporary failure of heirs, is called dormant or sleeping.

Mr Ashmole] Elias Ashmole (1617–92), founder of the Ashmolean museum at Oxford and author of the *History of the Order of the Garter.*

Charles Brandon] See note on p. 228 above.

gibbosity] A protuberance, hump (Lat. *gibbus* = a hump; *gibbositas* = humpiness).

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Daniel] Samuel Daniel the poet (1562–1619). His history of England appeared 1612–7.

sueing his patent] Making a legal demand for his patent.

one of their own body] William Hay (1695–1755), M.P. for Seaford. His *Deformity, an Essay*, was published in 1754.

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CAPTAIN STARKEY

Hone's *Every-Day Book* (1825) for 9 July contained a notice and portrait of 'Captain' Starkey, an eccentric character who died on 9 July 1822, after having been for many years an inmate of the Freemen's hospital at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He published *Memoirs* of himself at Newcastle in 1818.

Lamb's letter of reminiscence appeared in the same miscellany under the date 21 July. He attended the school in Fetter Lane in his early childhood, before entering Christ's hospital in 1782.

a May game] An object of amusement, like a character in a May-day pageant.

To what base purposes] Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v, i, 223–4: 'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!'

the Almonry of Newcastle] The Holy Jesus hospital, founded in 1681 for the maintenance of freemen of the borough, their widows and children. The picturesque buildings still remain.

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Mr Thomas Ransom] Thomas Frazer Ranson (1784–1828), the engraver of the quaint portrait which had appeared in *The Every-Day Book*. He learned his art in Newcastle.

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begged or borrowed] Hone had quoted a reference to Starkey from a book of *Local Records* by John Sykes of Newcastle: 'Mr Starkey, who was uncommonly polite, had a peculiarly smooth method of obtaining the *loan* of a half-penny, for which he was always ready to give his promissory note, which his creditors held as curiosities.'

Cato] The famous tragedy by Addison, originally produced in 1713.

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

This was written in 1827 for William Upcott (1779–1846), assistant librarian of the London Institution, who collected autographs. It appeared in print in *The New London Magazine* for April 1835.

teste suâ manu] Witness his own hand.

his complexional religion] The religion that suits his natural temperament.

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aphorism] Literally a definition, and so used of a pithy epigrammatic saying.

the production of the juniper berry] Gin. The word has nothing to do with juniper, but is an abbreviation of Geneva, where the best gin was distilled.

his Works] The two volumes of 1818.

his true works] The ledgers of the East India house, posted up in Lamb's hand.

a year or two since] In 1823.

about 15 years since] In 1808.

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THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE

Mr Keymer, for whom this autograph was written, was a bookseller in London. It appeared in print in *The New Monthly Magazine* for Feb. 1835, as part of John Forster's notice of Lamb, who had died on 27 Dec. 1834. Coleridge died 25 July 1834 in the house of James Gillman, the surgeon at Highgate, of which he had been an inmate since April 1816. For Lamb's chief tribute to Coleridge see *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty years ago* in *Elia*. A short letter from Lamb to James Gillman, fellow of St John's college, Oxford, the eldest son of Coleridge's host, bears date 5 Aug. 1834, condoling with the household in simple and affecting terms.

a Grecian] See p. 125 above.

his 'Friend'] The miscellaneous periodical started by Coleridge in 1809.

a tone in oral delivery] The fascination of Coleridge's voice is described by Hazlitt in *My first acquaintance with poets* (*Winterslow*, essay 1). An equally famous, though unsympathetic passage, is the description of his peculiarly solemn intonation by Carlyle, *Life of John Sterling*, 1, viii.

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